# The Outlook

Vol. 71 July 19, 1902 No. 12

## CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

Colonial Premiers in Conference..... 709
The Cape Colony Constitution..... 709
The Smoke Nuisance..... 710
Chicago Freight Handlers' Strike..... 711
Governor La Follette's Victory..... 711
National Educational Association..... 712
Indian Educators..... 713
International Sunday-School Convention. 713
Polar Exploration..... 714
The Henley Regatta..... 715
A Negro Vision Realized..... 715
The Right of Privacy..... 716
Gifts for Yale and Amherst..... 716
Turkish Literature..... 717

EDITORIALS:

Lord Salisbury's Retirement..... 717
American Diplomacy..... 718
Decision Day..... 720
The Responsibility of Parents..... 721
The Spectator..... 723

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Tragedy of Pelée. IV.—A Night Eruption of Mont Pelée..... 725
By George Kennan

A Scholar's Prayer (Poem)..... 732
By Theodore C. Williams

"Unfair" Workmen and Boycotted Prayers 733
By W. F. Gibbons

Mine Discipline and Unionism..... 734
By Walter E. Weyl

Makers of the Kingdom..... 737
By Lyman Abbott

The North River Ferry (Poem)..... 741
By W. F. Dix

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Some Recent Stories..... 742
The History of the World (Helmolt)..... 744
The Earth's Beginning (Ball)..... 747
Books of the Week..... 748

CORRESPONDENCE..... 751

**The Outlook** is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

**Price.**—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

**Postage is Prepaid** by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

**Change of Address.**—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

**Discontinuances.**—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

**How to Remit.**—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

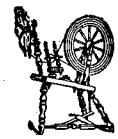
**Letters** should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

**287 Fourth Avenue, New York**

Copyright, 1901, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Registered Trade Mark*

THE

# Dr. Deimel Underwear

Wearers of the ordinary underclothing cannot appreciate what *real* comfort means, during summer, until they have tried this cool, porous, ventilating underclothing.

Our booklet, mailed free, will tell you all about it.

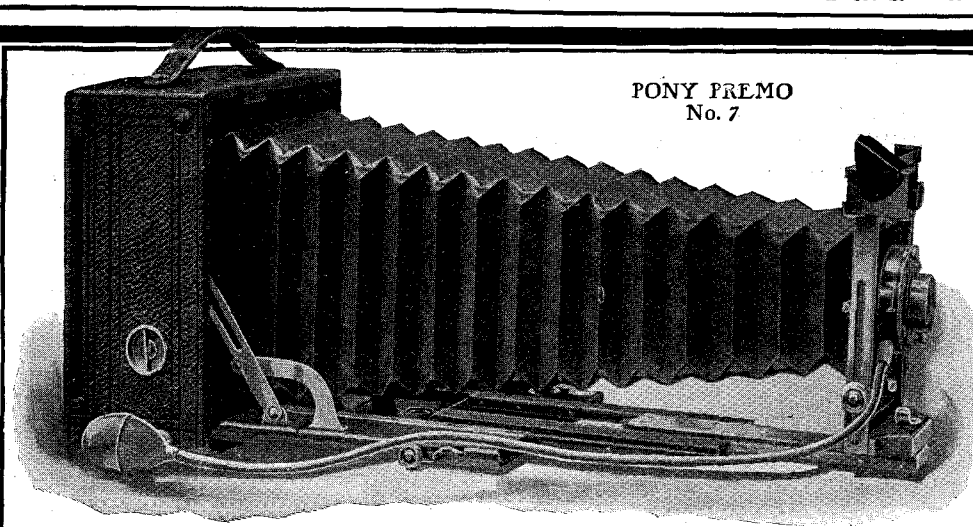
"The Linen Store."

**James McCutcheon & Co.**

14 West 23d Street, N. Y.


## Handkerchiefs and Laces.

**Fine linen handkerchiefs and delicate laces will not bear rubbing. To clean them, soak in Ivory Soap suds, work them up and down with the hands (when they are very delicate it is better to shake them in a fruit jar about two-thirds full of suds), then rinse in clear water. A pinch of gum arabic dissolved in hot water and a little bluing should be used to dip the pieces into before drying. Stretch perfectly smooth on a marble bureau top or a pane of glass and allow to dry. With laces care should be taken that the wrong side is against the marble or glass surface.**

PONY PREMO
No. 7

# The Power of the PREMO

is practically unlimited. There is no branch of photography in which the efficiency of the Premo has not been exemplified. Premo cameras are made in all styles, from the simple instrument at $11.00, to the most complete appliance at $250.00. One of the most popular of all the Premos is Pony Premo No. 7, priced at $45.00. Using either plates or films, it represents the ideal instrument for universal use. Ask your dealer to show you one or send for the Premo Book. FREE.

Dept. G , ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 71 July 19, 1902 No. 12

**Colonial Premiers in Conference**

The Conference of Colonial Premiers now in London has had several sessions, but owing to the absence of full reports, comparatively little is known of the discussions, many of which have been informal. The breadth and complexity of some of the topics, especially those relating to preferential trade, have restrained the premiers from committing themselves to public print as freely as they would otherwise have done. Only a few general conclusions, therefore, can be noted. It has become clear, in the first place, that the question of imperial defense is likely to take immediate precedence of the other topics, and that the prospect of any agreement in regard to an imperial zollverein, or in regard to a system of preferential tariff, becomes more remote as discussion goes on. As to imperial defense, the conclusion apparently is that something will be agreed upon on the basis of each colony retaining local control of whatever forces or contributions it shall authorize. As an allied topic, the probability of an agreement to recommend government subsidies for colonial lines of steamships has also increased, the Imperial Government sharing these in a proportion to be afterward fixed. In this there is earnest of a vigorous but as yet ill-defined attempt to consolidate the mercantile marine of the empire against foreign competition. As to a zollverein and preferential tariffs, the colonial premiers were somewhat disappointed because Mr. Chamberlain was rather indefinite in defining his attitude. He evidently believes, strongly as ever, in closer commercial relations between the mother country and the colonies, but his conclusions, whatever they are when stated in detail, meet with so many conflicting views from the colonial premiers that the whole subject can hardly be said to have gone beyond the preliminary stage. Mr. Barton, the Australian Premier, has been outspoken against a zollverein; Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, and Sir John Gordon Sprigg, the Premier of Cape Colony, are both outspoken in its favor. But as for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, nobody seems to know just now where he stands. He has been very reticent on this question since his arrival in London. It is generally believed, however, that he will have something important to say on imperial trade relations if the question of steamship subsidies is settled.

❀

**The Cape Colony Constitution**

Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to suspend the Constitution of Cape Colony will have highly important results, from whatever political point of view it may be considered. His decision is against the wishes of Lord Milner and the Cape and Natal loyalists, but it will nevertheless commend itself to the judgment of reasonable and liberty-loving people in all English-speaking countries. The situation in South Africa is such that a false step by the Imperial Government might mar all the subsequent work of reconstruction, and Mr. Chamberlain has done wisely in ignoring demands which, if granted, would have put the Cape Dutch under a ban and revived the treasonable designs of the Africander Bond as manifested in its later course. With the retention of constitutional government at the Cape, the Dutch there, barring the comparatively small number disfranchised for aiding the Boers or for other treasonable conduct during the war, can resume their share of political life and will be won back all the more quickly to their former friendly cooperation. Before the Jameson raid, Hofmeyer, Schreiner, and other Cape Dutch leaders were members of an Africander Bond which was not predominantly



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anti-British in feeling. By the death of Cecil Rhodes, at one time the friend though later the avowed enemy of the Bond, the strongest personal force against Boer and British reconciliation has been removed; while the acceptance of the new régime by the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony burghers has to a large extent blocked any serious revival of the Bond in those colonies. Mr. Chamberlain has thus anticipated several causes of discontent by his action in regard to the Cape Dutch, and the beneficent working of his decision will be more evident later on. Had he done otherwise, hope of a South African federation must have been deferred for many years; for it is intended to await the voluntary efforts of the different colonies in this direction, and with the Cape Dutch in a sullen mood little could have been done.

❀

**The Smoke Nuisance** The general use of soft coal which has been an accompaniment of the coal strike has given a number of cities, and particularly New York, a faint but very unwelcome illustration of conditions which constantly prevail in Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities where soft coal and clouds of dense smoke are the rule. There is no smoke nuisance where anthracite coal is universally used, and it is reasonable to expect that, in New York and other cities supplied from the anthracite regions, the smoke will vanish when the strife between the coal operators and miners is settled. But there is danger that soft coal, having been introduced far more extensively than heretofore, will be continued in use by many consumers in the Northeastern cities indicated, while it is of course certain that its consumption elsewhere will increase with population and industry. Heretofore some of the large soft-coal-using manufacturing cities have prided themselves on the volume and density of their smoke, and have resented efforts to lessen it, urging that smoke and noise, however needless they may be, are profitable advertisements of great manufacturing centers. Fortunately, other ideals of municipal greatness are now being adopted; and Cleveland, St. Louis, and several other Western cities are seriously grappling with the smoke evil. If hard coal, coke, oil, or some other smokeless fuel were everywhere available at as low a price as soft coal, or if it was impossible to burn soft coal without creating an intolerable nuisance, the use of the latter fuel, within specified districts, might be prohibited; but in the absence of the conditions named such prohibition would be impracticable and unjust. The problem which temporarily (we trust) confronts New York, but which is always present in Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, London, Paris, and by far the greater number of cities of the civilized world, is how to burn soft coal so no serious nuisance will result. Where the problem is temporary, care in selecting the kinds of coal best adapted to boilers designed for hard coal, and especial skill in feeding the coal to the furnace fires, will do much towards keeping the nuisance in check until the use of hard coal can be resumed. But if soft coal is in constant use, more effective measures should be required.

❀

**Smoke Prevention** The real secret of smoke prevention is to secure such complete combustion of the fuel, including the gases generated in the process, that there will be no smoke to consume. In other words, smoke is due to imperfect combustion, through improper design or operation of the furnace. When new boiler plants are being installed it will generally be possible to choose a type, varying to suit local conditions, which will give comparative freedom from smoke and effect sufficient saving in the coal bills to make up for any possible increased cost in construction. Many old and inefficient boiler plants may be replaced by new ones, with a like saving, while often some simple and comparatively inexpensive change in or addition to a furnace will stop clouds of smoke. The human element in furnace operation is of the utmost importance, since so much depends upon feeding the fire evenly, and keeping it uniformly clean and free from clogging. In fact, so important is uniform firing and constant attention that many large plants are provided with automatic devices for feeding the coal and cleaning the grates. It is frequently urged against smoke prevention that it will work a hardship on manufacturers, and that many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

useless devices are forced upon them. But in the long run smoke prevention will often, though not necessarily always, pay for itself, and in any event no manufacturer has a legal, much less a moral right to conduct his business to the injury of others. Unquestionably many useless devices have been foisted upon owners of boiler plants, and many honest mistakes have been made on all hands by those seeking to abate smoke. The multiplicity of furnaces and of furnace attachments for which smokelessness is claimed is confusing to a novice, and when the wheat has been separated from the chaff, there still remains the problem of selecting an apparatus adapted to the special and local needs of each plant. The only safe course for the manufacturer is to secure and follow competent, disinterested technical advice.

❀

**The Chicago Freight Handlers' Strike**

Chicago has been having another strike experience. The freight handlers in the railroad offices, about eight thousand in number, have been in difficulty with their employers. The Chicago freight handlers have only recently been organized. They were anxious to secure a betterment of their condition; accordingly they formulated and presented to the railroad managers a scale calling for an increase in wages, and making certain definite working rules desired by the men. They also asked for recognition of the union. As a counter move, the railroad managers posted a new schedule, making smaller wage advances than the men asked, and declining to recognize many of the working rules formulated by the union. Meantime the railroad managers appear to have been making preparations to meet a strike. The strike was suddenly and unexpectedly inaugurated on Monday, June 7, against the advice of officers of the Chicago Federation of Labor and of the teamsters' union, with whom the freight handlers are closely affiliated. It was the opinion of the labor leaders who advised delay in calling a strike that many of the concessions desired by the men could be secured by peaceful negotiations. The strike being on, strong efforts were made to bring about a settlement. The railroad managers refused to deal with officials of the union as representatives of their men. The greatest willingness was professed, however, to have the manager for each road negotiate with a committee representing the employees of that road. But when the committees were sent into conference they were without power to do anything but submit for consideration the scale formulated by the union. Before they could accept modifications in that scale they had to report back and get the approval of the union officials. Consequently nothing came of these negotiations. Chairman Job, of the State Arbitration Board, whose efforts to bring about a settlement of the recent teamsters' strikes were attended with such success, tried to harmonize the situation. He secured from the railroad managers a new statement of what they were willing to concede. It was expected this offer would be accepted, but at meetings of the strikers held on Monday of last week it was rejected. By this time considerable feeling had developed among the labor men themselves. Part of the strikers wanted to accept the offer and return to work. Others of them complained bitterly because the teamsters' union and the Federation of Labor were not doing more to insure the success of the strike. The teamsters' union is under agreement with the employers in its line not to go out on a sympathetic strike. The officers of that union insisted that the teamsters must remain at work. Many teamsters as individuals, however, refused to haul freight to and from the freight-houses where the men were on strike, and on Saturday last the teamsters went out on a sympathetic strike, thus nearly doubling the number of strikers; 20,000 men are said to be out, and it is possible that the number may be increased.

❀

**Governor La Follette's Victory**

The opposition directed against Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, because of his persistent advocacy of the taxation of corporate property at the same rate as individual property, and the substitution of direct primaries for delegate conventions, seems to have ended in failure. Two months ago the outcome of this conflict was uncertain. Not only was the organized wealth of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wisconsin arrayed against Governor La Follette almost as unitedly as it was arrayed against Governor Pingree when he was making a similar campaign in Michigan, but the politicians of the State, including nearly all the men holding Federal offices, were by some means enlisted in the fight against the Governor. In part their opposition came from previous friendliness to corporate interests, in part from the fact that direct primaries would put an end to the control of nominations by politicians, and in part, also, perhaps, from the fact that Governor La Follette, in fighting corporate abuses and political corruption, appeared to some conservatives to be fighting corporations and the whole group of men engaged in politics. One of the noteworthy features of the campaign was the extent to which Governor La Follette was abused for himself building up a political machine when his avowed object, as his critics thought, was to abolish political machines. It is perfectly true that Governor La Follette did himself build up a political machine, but neither Governor La Follette nor any other advocate of direct primaries believes that political machines should be abolished. They all believe that political machines should be maintained, but maintained as party servants instead of party masters. A political machine which must submit its candidates to the approval of the party at direct primaries is of necessity a party servant. The contest for delegates was a most heated one. The Milwaukee "Free Press" aptly remarks that "if a visitor from another planet had been in Wisconsin for the past few weeks, and had heard and read what has been said about packing Republican caucuses with purchasable Democrats; about unfair methods of conducting the caucuses; of the deceit that had been practised; of the bribery of voters; of the high-handed outrages committed by caucus and convention officials; the walkout of bolting delegations and election of contesting delegates, he probably would not go back and recommend the Wisconsin caucus and convention system as the best possible for the making of a State ticket." The money used is said to have been chiefly in the hands of those opposed to Governor La Follette, and the press of the State, in a singular degree, was influenced to take the same side. Despite these influences, however, two-thirds of the counties have given majorities for Governor La Follette, nearly all the farmers having upheld him in his contest. The prospect that the Governor will be able to accomplish the reforms for which he has been working these six years is greatly brightened by the results of these primaries.

❀

**The National Educational Association**

The attendance last week at the meetings of the National Educational Association was large; and the meetings were numerous. From the host of speakers, only a few can be selected for mention. The National Council, with a membership limited to sixty, ten members being elected at each annual meeting to serve for six years (five elected by the Council itself and five by the Association), consists of many men of national reputation. At its meeting on Monday, July 7, the subjects considered were mainly financial. Interesting statistics as to the proportion between school revenues and the total tax showed a result of between 17 and 25 per cent. It is not customary to think that State socialism (of which public education is a form) has such a strong hold in America. On Wednesday, before the Association, a notable address, deprecating controversy and setting forth the ideal of truth in education, was made by Archbishop Ireland. Dr. Sadler, Director of Inquiries and Reports, Education Office, London, England, made the suggestion that it would be of advantage to both countries if American teachers could teach for a short time in England, and *vice versa;* and said that the idea could be made practicable by a joint committee, in lieu of any central appointing power, which is lacking in both countries. The chaotic condition of secondary, collegiate, and professional education was illustrated at least twice during the sessions; once by the discussion between representatives of high schools and those of universities; the second time by the address of President Harper of Chicago, in which he agreed with President Hadley's recent protest against the tendency evident in medical and law schools to require an academic degree or its equivalent before entrance upon professional studies. Other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subjects in President Harper's address on the "Educational Progress of the Year" were the professor's tenure of office, his freedom of speech, the new type of college president suggested by the change at Princeton, and the gifts of Cecil Rhodes and Andrew Carnegie for education. Other addresses were made by President Butler of Columbia, President Alderman of Tulane, and President Schurman of Cornell. The newly elected president of the association for the coming year is President Eliot of Harvard.

❀

**A Meeting of Indian Educators**

The meeting of the Department of Indian Education, held during the past week in Minneapolis in connection with the National Educational Association, had for its main thought the correlation of literary and industrial training for the Indian as a means of making him self-supporting as speedily as possible. This thought has been the strong actuating motive with Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools, ever since her connection with the work, and is the foundation of her "Course of Study for Indian Schools," recently completed, and now published by Congress. Miss Reel advocates so teaching the Indian that he shall learn to do by doing. She believes in no hard and fast rules, but in teaching each tribe in accordance with the resources of its natural environs, whether it mean farming, dairying, or cattle raising. She has respect for the ancient customs and deeply rooted beliefs of the tribes, and seeks to educate them to better things, but never to force them. She advocates preserving the native industries, and gives credit to Mrs. N. W. Doubleday for her earnest and long-continued efforts along this line. The course of study recently issued provides for having each tribe preserve its native and ancestral crafts, and to this end urges that a competent teacher be selected from among the older Indians who shall impart his knowledge to the present generation. The industries are adapted to present-day requirements, and become a source of permanent income to those who carry them on. That Miss Reel's ideas are being carried out by the various superintendents and matrons was evidenced by the general trend of the addresses. The keynote of the work was struck by President S. M. McCowan, of the Department of Indian Education, and Superintendent of the Chilocco Indian School, Oklahoma, who said: "The school which does the best for the Indian is the one that cuts away all educational millinery, that discourages an easy life, that compels hard, intelligent manual labor, and holds out the promise of competency to those who toil." President McCowan aims to view our Indian policy from the Indian standpoint, as well as from that of the white man who brings justice, right, and human love to bear upon it. He characterized the Indians as a people of "hateless resentment and tongueless reproach." He believes that our Indian policy is now passing through a crucial stage, and that the question, "Are we doing our best by the Indians?" will be satisfactorily answered in proportion as we follow the promptings of love and of common sense in studying it. Prominent educators were present from Indian schools throughout the country. Mr. L. M. Compton, Superintendent of the Tomah Indian School, Wisconsin, spoke on Agriculture, and expressed himself as believing that in no other way could the improvidence of the Indian be so successfully checked, and he be taught that the future depends upon his own efforts, as by the study of farming. The Indian must become a producer, not a pauper. Other important topics discussed were "How to Impress Upon the Indian the Use and Value of Money," "The Best Methods of Teaching Indian Children to Speak English," "Best and Most Practical Way of Teaching Indian Girls to Cook," "Control and Prevention of Tuberculosis," "Productive Industries for Indians," and "The Value of a Large Agricultural School for the Indians."

❀

**The International Sunday-School Convention**

The tenth in the international series of these Conventions, now meeting triennially, was held at Denver, June 26–30. The principal point of interest was the report of the Lesson Committee, recommending certain improvements. To meet a wide demand for advanced courses, the committee proposed a plan for an advanced course for two years—the first covering the forma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive literary period of Hebrew history in the eighth century B.C., the second including the formative period of primitive Christian literature, represented in the life and writings of Paul. In the judgment of the committee this would serve to check the withdrawal from the Sunday-school of pulpils not wishing to repeat the course previously studied, while it would also enlarge intelligence, and keep pace with the present increase of interest in Biblical study. These suggestions did not secure approval, the Convention voting "that at this time we are not prepared to adopt a series of advanced lessons to take the place of the uniform lessons in the adult grade." The meaning of this seems to be that the number of adults likely to be attracted by advanced courses would break the present uniformity of adult studies. That the uniformity is worth the sacrifice thus made for it the Convention seems to have had little doubt, for its action was practically unanimous. The only prospect of change from the present order is in a possible lengthening of the alternating periods now given to Old and New Testament studies successively, for the sake of more continuity. The Convention was largely attended, some two thousand delegates being present. The late B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, the founder of the international lesson system, is succeeded as Chairman of the Executive Committee by Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, previously the Vice-Chairman. The Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D., of Denver, is Chairman of the new Lesson Committee of fifteen, just chosen for the period 1906–1911. A commission has been appointed for a world-tour of ten months in the interest of Sunday-schools, the members paying their own expenses. The International Lessons have now upwards of twenty-five million students, forty-four per cent. of them in this country. There are about 1,300 normal classes, aggregating 14,000 members. But, as the Lesson Committee say, the majority of Suuday-schools is so inadequately organized and manned that only the simplest plans of study can be made effective.

❀

**Polar Exploration**

Midsummer is always a time of special interest as relates to Polar research, for at that time we may expect to hear from expeditions which have made a dash at the Pole on the preceding spring. Within a week or two there have been two or three news matters of interest in this connection. One of them is the departure from New York of the ship "Windward," which goes by previous agreement to relieve the Peary expedition. Mrs. Peary and her daughter will join the "Windward" at Sidney in Cape Breton Island, and at Cape Sabine, 79 degrees north, the "Windward" party hope to find Lieutenant Peary, to hear from him the result of his efforts this spring, and to bring him to the United States. The last news from Lieutenant Peary came in August of last year; he expected then to leave Cape Sabine about the middle of February, to make a strenuous attempt to reach unexplored northern regions with a sledge party, and to return to Cape Sabine by the middle of this month. Lieutenant Peary has now been exactly four years engaged on the present exploration, and will undoubtedly have a story of great interest to tell, even though his attempt of last winter does not exceed the record for farthest north last set by the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition. Another relief vessel which has recently gone Polarward is the "Frithjof," which is to carry provisions, coal, and mail to Mr. Baldwin of the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition, which has established its base on Franz Josef Land; the members of this expedition have even unusually confident expectations of accomplishing great things in the way of Polar exploration, as through the liberality of Mr. Zeigler the expedition has been better equipped and supplied than any other Polar expedition which ever set forth. Besides these expeditions now in the field, there is a Norwegian party in the Polar regions under command of Captain Sverdrup, who commanded Nansen's vessel, and as Sverdrup's plan has been very much like that of Lieutenant Peary, it would be interesting to see what the rival parties have accomplished respectively. We may note also the fact that the rumors from Northern British America have again repeated the story that Andrée met his death after he had safely landed from his balloon, at the hands of a party of Eskimos who thought he was an enemy. These rumors have come from this quarter two or three times,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and with considerable particularity, but those best informed regard them as based on error.

❀

**The Henley Regatta**

The Henley Regatta, which has just been held on the Thames, was more successful from an English point of view than any other in recent years. The English oarsmen had the triple satisfaction of defeating their American, Irish, and Canadian competitors, the Grand Challenge Cup having been won by the crack Cambridge crew, and the Diamond Sculls, the trophy for single oarsmen, having been captured by a Balliol College man. The result has been to establish the international character of the Henley Regatta more firmly than ever. The defeat of English amateur oarsmen there in recent contests by foreign competitors, who, it was alleged, had trained in the manner of professionals, had started an agitation for shutting out foreign competition altogether. Henley, it was said, had been developed as an historic and international meeting place for amateur oarsmen, and the moment its character was sought to be changed it was argued that only English amateur oarsmen should be allowed to compete. Last year this agitation reached its height, but it never spread beyond the Thames rowing clubs, and this year the success of the English oarsmen, and especially the absence of all indications of professionalism, have put the Henley authorities in the best of humor. The utmost good feeling was shown in the races, and the result is the beginning of a movement to have our British friends come over and row against our best crews. Titus, the American who was defeated in the preliminary trial races for the Diamond Sculls, has invited, in the name of our National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, the two best English scullers at Henley to row next month in the races at Worcester, Mass. It is safe to say that the clean amateur sport which Henley has always promoted will stimulate our own oarsmen to establish contests of a similar kind, and thus promote a friendly competition with the very best results from a sporting point of view, and by no means unimportant in the larger aspect of international good will.

**A Negro Vision Realized**

A cotton-mill owned and operated by negroes, which one of our contributors reported to us four years ago as the vision of North Carolina's wealthiest negro, is now a reality. It is located, as its founder, Mr. Coleman, planned, in his home town of Concord, cost in the neighborhood of $70,000, and has a weaving capacity of 40,000 yards of cloth a week. An extremely competent observer of industrial conditions at the South writes us that the mill has been in operation since last July, and upon his recent visit to it the superintendent, a Massachusetts manager, told him that the negroes were proving satisfactory hands. Our correspondent was especially struck with the alertness of the negro, as he recalled the opinion, formerly accepted at the South, that negroes could never be worked in a factory for the reason that the hum of the machinery would put them to sleep. The superintendent at the Coleman mill told him that several of the operatives had been caught "napping," but that such occurrences were not uncommon among white operatives in Massachusetts. The negro operatives, furthermore, had been prompt in coming to work, and had shown no disposition to "drop out." The superintendent is the only white man employed, and he has, of course, had to train all the hands, as Southern negroes have hitherto been practically shut out from this industry. However, another experiment with negro labor is now being conducted by white mill-owners in the same State, and it is possible that negro-manned cotton-factories may become as common as negro-manned tobacco-factories have become already. The new mill at Concord, though founded by Mr. Coleman, is not entirely owned by him. The town is the home of several successful cotton-mills, built by the co-operation of white people of moderate means, who paid for their stock very much as building and loan society shares are paid for, and this same method of securing capital was employed for the negro mill. There are about three hundred and fifty shareholders, including negroes of all ranks from college professors to day-laborers. The success of the venture will be watched with great interest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**The Right of Privacy**

A decision which denies "the right of privacy," and thus raises a question of great importance under the conditions of modern life, was rendered recently by the New York Court of Appeals. Suit was brought for $15,000 damages by the guardians of Miss Abigail Roberson against the Rochester Folding Box Company and the Franklin Mills Company, of Lockport, for the unauthorized use of Miss Roberson's picture as an advertisement on barrels, the suit being popularly known as "the flour of the family" case. The court of first jurisdiction held that this constituted the violation of a right belonging peculiarly to a woman, whose attractiveness of face and person was a personal possession, since it outraged her privacy and tended to injure her in reputation and character. This decision is reversed on appeal, Judge Parker, with concurrence of three other judges, delivering the opinion. Judge Parker holds that the so-called "right of privacy" cannot be enforced in a court of equity, since it involves, "even if the offending portrait be obtained upon the street by an impertinent person with a camera," the right to restrain "the publicity of a word picture, a comment upon one's looks, conduct, domestic relations or habits," including "the same things if spoken instead of being printed." Under such a doctrine "a man has the right to pass through this world, if he will, without his picture published, his business enterprises discussed, his successful experiments written up for the benefit of others, or his eccentricities commented upon." The sweeping character of this decision, differing in principle, it is to be noted, from the decisions in some other States on the right to control the negative of a photograph, illustrates the many sides on which modern privacy is menaced, and thus emphasizes the need for protecting privacy by statute. The difficulty lies not so much in declaring a principle as in defining its application—that is, laying down a rule for determining damages in a given case—the same difficulty which exists under the law of libel. For instance, the exploitation of a photograph does far greater damage, obviously, to a young woman in private life than to a man in public life, if in his case, supposing it a caricature, it does any damage at all. On still broader grounds the decision is unfortunate so far as it tends to strengthen the claim of right made by the sensational press to pry into and expose affairs purely personal. Above and beyond the violation of propriety and even decency involved, and the wrongs suffered by individuals, this growing invasion of privacy induces a general indifference to newspaper statement and contempt for newspaper criticism. The standard accepted is less and less that of public opinion as reflected in the press, and more and more the standard of one's party, or set, or business associates. This is the penalty paid by society for the cheapening and discrediting of an instrument through which its influence should be most effectively exerted.

❀

**Gifts for Yale and Amherst**

Yale University, the frequent beneficiary of the Vanderbilt family, is now to have, through the generosity of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, of the class of 1876, a dormitory system for the students of the Sheffield Scientific School. The tract of land upon which the buildings are to stand has already been purchased. It is bounded by College, Temple, Grove, and Wall streets, adjacent to the group of Scientific School buildings and opposite the new bi-centennial building of the university. The new dormitories will be built about a quadrangle of considerable dimensions. No exact sum, it is understood, has been specified by the donor; the gift is rather the site for the dormitories and the first building to be erected upon it, whatever the cost. Student life in the small colleges of America is so compact that it is, so to speak, self-sustaining. In the larger universities, however, it tends to become extinct through mere numbers, as was illustrated by Columbia University, especially before it was removed to its present site. In English universities this distinctive student life is preserved by the college system. In American universities it is preserved partly by fraternities or other social clubs, partly by class spirit, but in no small measure by the grouping of men together in dormitories built and carried on either by the universities or by private enterprise. Those who believe with us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the benefit of a university education is not obtained wholly in the class-room will need no explanation of the value that this gift will be to the scientific students in Yale. Another gift, recently made known, is that of an astronomical observatory for Amherst College.

❀

**Turkish Literature** Under the rule of the Seljuk Sultans, a Turkish literature arose, which became classic. It is now, however, archaic and hence does not appeal popularly to the Turkish mind of to-day. Under the Osmanli Sultans no literature has arisen worthy the name; instead, there have appeared disgustingly sensual romances and tales of adventure. They have not even the excuse of much decadent French literature in that it contains something else than an appeal to pruriency. The most popular Turkish romancer dares to defend the gross immorality of his books even while declaring that they are not written solely for adult readers. This discouraging condition has long been evident to American teachers and preachers working in Turkey. Dr. Henry Otis Dwight, the most recent and perhaps the most vivacious and interesting of all writers on Constantinople, shows that a crisis in Turkish progress has been provoked. Education has now for the first time opened a way for literature to shape the moral growth of the people. Turkish schools are sending forth multitudes ready to read without discrimination. Good, wholesome books for young readers are needed. Only one course seems possible if progress is to continue—namely, the supply of morally stimulating books in the vernacular. Who shall be the agents for such a supply? Our missionaries might be; they have won a leading position in the fields of education and literature, and they ought to be able to reach all the people. Missionaries, however, have not the money which they should have to publish the fresh, attractive, inspiring books needed to continue the culture begun in the schools. Otherwise they are equipped for giving to the people elevating literature, whether in Turkish, Greek, or Armenian, the principal languages spoken in the Turkish Empire, although a variant in the written languages should also be noticed, namely, the Greco-Turkish, or Turkish written with Greek characters. The experience already obtained indicates that if good books are written they will be bought.

❀

# Lord Salisbury's Retirement

The resignation of the Premiership of Great Britain by the Marquis of Salisbury was not unexpected, although it was generally believed that the Prime Minister would not take this step until after the coronation of the King. There have been many signs during the past few months, as there have been many rumors, of his growing impatience of the responsibilities and cares of his great place. He is not an old man, judged by the standards of age which have been established by such men as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, and the Pope; but the death of Lady Salisbury was a great blow to him, and, combined with some physical infirmities and his strong love for scientific research, has probably emphasized his desire to seek seclusion and the opportunity for the work which lies near his heart. The last three years have been among the most exacting and responsible which any English Prime Minister has had to face. The Boer war has now ended successfully, the Empire is at peace, the King's recovery seems to be assured, and the moment is favorable for laying down the cares of State and entering upon that final period of life which, in the case of men who have both active and meditative habits, is often the most fruitful and enjoyable. It is too early to pass judgment upon Lord Salisbury's career as a statesman. He has passed through different stages, and public opinion in regard to him has changed several times. On the whole he has gained of late years in public esteem, both as regards statesmanlike ability and firmness. When Bismarck described him as "a lath painted to resemble iron" he expressed the feeling of a great many people; but, under very trying circumstances and in very difficult positions of late years, Lord Salisbury has shown great firmness. Although not a great speaker, he has been a singularly effective one, with a faculty of saying things which startled and sometimes stunned, but which were also remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered. His temper has not been conciliatory, and he has never "played to the galleries;" but his apparent indifference to public opinion has been due rather to his temperament than to his Tory breeding and the atmosphere of his early life. He was at one time self-supporting, and has always shown aptitude for dealing with practical affairs and recognizing realities. An aristocrat by birth and by temperament, he has been thoroughly democratic in his use of means and tools. Whether he has been a great statesman or not, he has been four times Premier of England; and during the later years of his direction of English affairs he has impressed himself upon English policy, and identified himself with an enlargement of English rule and of English activity.

It was a foregone conclusion that Lord Salisbury would be succeeded in the Premiership either by Mr. Chamberlain or by Mr. Arthur J. Balfour. The hour was favorable to Mr. Chamberlain, for the successful finish of the Boer war will be accepted by a great many people as practical justification of his policy in South Africa; although a very large minority of Englishmen and a good many men among his old political comrades believe that the war would never have been necessary if English policy had had wiser direction. But Mr. Balfour has the hearts of men as Mr. Chamberlain has not; above all, he has the heart of the Premier, his uncle. Allied with some of the most prominent families in England and Scotland, educated at Eton and at Cambridge, Mr. Balfour entered the House of Commons at twenty-six, later became Lord Salisbury's private secretary at the Foreign Office, became President of the Local Government Board in 1884, was made Secretary for Scotland in 1886, with a seat in the Cabinet, and became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1887. This marked the beginning of Mr. Balfour's career as a statesman. Until that time he had been regarded as an accomplished young man who was being pushed by family influence; lacking energy, firmness, and power, although very accomplished, distinctly intellectual, and rapidly mastering a charming style of speech. At the end of five years Ireland was in a better condition, so far as order was concerned, than it had been for many decades, and every Irishman profoundly respected the Secretary. They had found a man worthy of their steel. He never lost his temper under the most studied and prolonged provocation; and he had a light and airy way of dealing with their attacks which not only foiled them but seemed to turn them into ridicule. When he became the Conservative leader in the House of Commons in 1894, he had become an accomplished debater with great skill in dealing with the House, in saying the right word at the right time, and in making an exceedingly effective speech in an easy and graceful manner. His "Defence of Philosophic Doubt," published in 1879, and his later book, "The Foundations of Belief," place him in the rank of literary statesmen.

The fact that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has refused to serve in the Cabinet under the leadership of Mr. Balfour indicates that the Government political forces are to meet at least tacit opposition from within the party.

❀

## American Diplomacy

There have always been two Americas in the minds of Americans. There has been the America of principle and of idealism—the America which Emerson interpreted with such noble fidelity, and which has been illustrated again and again in public measures and in public men; and there has been another America, which has also been illustrated in public measures and public men as well as in private life, which regards American institutions as a more effective way of making the most of the material opportunity and doing the greatest part of the world's business on the most profitable terms. These two conceptions of National life cannot be wholly separated; they never have been in the life of any nation. But every triumph of the higher America—the America of principle, of large human leadership, and of idealism—ought to be recognized and held up as interpreting the real country which the best of our forefathers had in mind, and which the finest Americans of every generation have lived or died for.

The principles of this higher America,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which interprets the great opportunities of the country as so many open doors through which humanity can emerge into richer and freer life, have nowhere been more consistently exemplified than in our diplomacy, and by no diplomatist more successfully than by Mr. Hay. Diplomacy has been until very recently an elaborate system of evasion, postponement, deception, and shrewd bargaining—a game at which experts played with consummate skill, and with an unscrupulousness sometimes delicate and sometimes brutal. It has been, for the most part, a definite seeking of selfish ends by a system which was the product of centuries of intercourse between the most acute minds of the different nations, each seeking for the advantage of his own nation, and bent upon baffling the designs of all other nations. Diplomacy has often sought noble ends, but, for the most part, its ends have been purely selfish; because, for the most part, each country has been intent on its own good and indifferent to the good of other countries.

American diplomatists have swept away these antiquated traditions, and have substituted for the elaborate formalities of the older diplomacy the truer courtesy of frankness and good faith. Instead of concealing their real purposes, American diplomatists have stated those purposes with the utmost frankness; and when Governor Taft, dealing with some of the subtlest diplomatists in Europe, many of whom are masters of indirection and delay, exhibited his instructions, he illustrated the spirit of the new national intercourse—the spirit of candor, of frankness, and of truthfulness. It has been the practice of American diplomacy to state its whole case; to reserve nothing, to conceal nothing, and to demand nothing more than it thought it could secure and felt itself justified in attempting to secure. It has substituted for concealment entire openness; for postponement, promptness; for interminable delay, swift action; and for skillful concealment for ulterior ends, clean and honorable disclosure of what it really wishes to secure.

This is what it has done in method; it has done very much more in principle. The story of American diplomacy in China need not be retold; but another chapter has been added entirely consistent with the earlier record, and another triumph has been scored by the Secretary of State. When the Great Powers and China agreed upon terms of settlement in September last, it was specifically provided that, within fifteen days of the date of the protocol, all foreign troops should be withdrawn from China, except certain small bodies stationed at points which were essential to free communication between Peking and the sea. Notwithstanding this agreement, the great city of Tientsin, the capital of one of the most important provinces of the Empire, is still in possession of the troops who agreed to leave it almost nine months ago. They have remained in possession on the plea that before their withdrawal it might be necessary for China to make further agreements with the Powers; but they have postponed stating the points upon which they wished further concessions. The Chinese have again and again asked for the restoration of Tientsin, and have protested against its continued occupation. Their protests have been disregarded, and they have been unable to ascertain the terms upon which they could secure the fulfillment of the agreement with which they had already complied.

On April 12, however, these conditions were definitely stated, and another date was set for the evacuation, the allies promising to withdraw at the end of four weeks after the conditions had been complied with. Thus a new agreement was imposed upon the Chinese, without their consent, by signators to an earlier agreement who had failed to keep their pledges. The new conditions which they imposed were in some respects more exacting than those which had been originally imposed upon the Chinese. It was insisted that no Chinese troops should be sent within a certain distance of Tientsin, although the Powers insisted upon the right of sending their troops wherever they chose. It was further insisted that the Viceroy should reduce his body-guard to three hundred, and the police force of the city to twenty-five hundred, although the city and its suburbs included a population of several millions of people, among whom is a very turbulent element. To comply with this condition would have meant the surrender of the city to its most lawless elements, with the probable result that the foreign troops would be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent back, and not only take possession of the city again, but have an excuse for retaining possession of the whole region. Whether the Powers, in making these demands, had these ultimate objects in view is uncertain; but the Chinese recognized the dangerous possibilities which the conditions opened up. The Chinese Viceroy refused to accept these conditions and appealed to the United States. Mr. Hay promptly took the matter up, and, by his representations to the Great Powers, has secured the evacuation of Tientsin under the terms of the original protocol. In other words, he has persuaded the Great Powers to keep faith with China and to fulfill engagements which they were in honor and in diplomacy bound to respect. This is another illustration of the use of diplomacy for the higher ends of humanity. Nations must care for their own, as must individuals; but they must care for their own in a large and generous spirit, with full recognition of the rights of others, and in harmony with the broad laws of equity and justice which are enforced in dealings between individuals.

❀

## Decision Day

This expressive name has been given to a day recently introduced into church calendars. On this day it is the custom of an increasing number of churches to bring their Sunday-school teaching to its normal issue in the self-committal to Christian discipleship of such pupils as are of suitable age and understanding. This is so logical and natural a thing to do that it has met with much favor and a widening adoption. It is, however, a wide departure from the long-continued method of the churches which are adopting it, and a close approximation to the method which they have severely criticised in other churches.

Two methods of recruiting the Church from the children of the Church have long been distinctive of the two main groups into which churches are divided by their different emphasis on the Sacraments and the Word. In the Roman and the Greek Churches, and in a minor and varying degree in the Anglican, it is the Sacraments that are emphasized. In the rest, including the Protestant churches generally, it is the Word, the sermon. The first group, together with the Lutheran (whose idea of the Eucharist resembles the Roman more than the Protestant conception), emphasizes *nurture* as the natural means of increase. Christian teaching is expected to prepare the children for confirmation and full communion at an early age. In the second group, for at least a hundred and fifty years since modern revivalism began in the eighteenth century, reliance has been placed on *rupture*, though quite inconsistently with their general and traditional practice of infant baptism. Baptized or unbaptized, with or without Christian teaching in the home or the church, the individual was expected to be brought to Christian discipleship and into full communion through an abrupt experience of a more or less convulsive break from the non-religious to the religious life. This, moreover, might be at any time, or never, as it might please the sovereign Spirit in his mysterious working out of the electing decree.

The present writer has read a letter written nearly a century since by a girl in her teens at boarding-school. A Presbyterian clergyman's daughter, theologically instructed, imbued with the belief that only a convulsive experience which she had not passed through could translate her from the condition of a child of wrath to that of a child of grace, her letter was blotted with tears, as she besought her parents to pray for her that in the revival then shaking the school she might not be passed over by the regenerating Spirit. Such was the ultra-Paulinism to which Protestantism had rebounded in its zeal for the Pauline ideal of the Church as composed wholly of the regenerate—insisting, in its revolt from a theory of regeneration through nurture which had faded till little was left of it but infant baptism, that regeneration must be in rupture like the experience of Saul of Tarsus.

The corrective to this sad aberration was first brought by Dr. Bushnell's epoch-marking book on "Christian Nurture" nearly sixty years since. His conception of the divine Spirit as exercising a regenerative influence through the channels of nature and nurture was deemed so heretical by the ultra-Paulinists of that time that the Massachusetts Sabbath-School

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Society canceled an arrangement for its publication. But it did its work. A slow and gradual return set in from the ultra-Pauline theory of rupture to the Pauline and catholic theory of nurture, as the normal way of bringing the children of the Church into conscious discipleship and full communion. Of late this return has become more conspicuous. The primitive catechumenate has been revived in many churches under the name of the pastor's class. The psychological investigations of such men as President Stanley Hall and Professor Starbuck have quickened it by showing that the physiological change taking place in the period of adolescence is accompanied with a psychical budding of larger and more religious thoughts of life, which marks a peculiarly auspicious time for the wise direction that promotes the religious choice and secures the Christian self-committal.

One further step only was needed to complete this return to true Paulinism. It has been taken by the churches that have instituted their "Decision Day." Without such a day or season, any theory of nurture would be incomplete. Without it the issue of nurture is left to more or less happy chance. With it the issue is brought under definite prevision and judicious adaptation of means to the end in view. Such a day the churches that never abandoned the theory of nurture for that of rupture have always recognized—their annual time of coming forward as candidates for confirmation. The seemingly new institution of Decision Day simply marks the complete return of the churches adopting it from a comparatively recent aberration to the immemorial catholic and Biblical way.

This return has enlisted strong advocacy, and exhibits increasing strength and volume, though hardly yet ready for statistical exhibition. Among Presbyterians the New York State Sunday-School Association recommends it, and reports that it has doubled the number received from the Sunday-school into the church during the year. Some strong Methodist churches are reported to have adopted it. The influence of the Christian Endeavor and similar societies of young people may be reckoned as strongly favorable to its spread. The historical, logical, and practical grounds for it are strong enough to warrant the expectation that in no long time it will be recognized in every growing church.

As the alternative to nurture, rupture remains for reliance only where nurture has been lacking or unsuccessful. When nature's time for the unfolding of religious consciousness at the opening of childhood into adolescence has gone by without timely determination to the religious life, and the ice of indifference has begun to form and thicken, there may still be hope, and must be effort, to induce the experience that only can break it up. But this last resort has been long and sadly mistaken for the first resort, and only by discouraging results has the mistake been discovered. The discovery helps to explain the decline of infant baptism that for some years has been deplored. This rite, both presupposing and pledging Christian nurture, could hardly be expected to escape decline in churches that failed to supply its sequel in a nurture leading up to a normal issue in some sort of a decision day.

❀

# The Responsibility of Parents

It is a very serious question whether the manners of the young men and the young women in this country are not deteriorating. It is not easy to judge of the manners of a generation, because the standards of the past seem higher as one looks back than the standards of the present; and because, in considering any particular aspect of a period, there is the temptation to separate that aspect from the complete movement of the time, and to be misled with regard to its significance. There is no doubt that the wide practice of athletics by young men and young women has, on the whole, been extremely beneficent. Athletics is fast making Americans a vigorous race physically; it has furnished a safety-valve for the overplus of vitality which, in the colleges at least, in former days often took the direction of dissipation. It has brought young men and young women together on a natural and wholesome basis, and has made them comrades in a rational way. These gains must be taken into account. On the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other hand, it has bred an informality, not to say a freedom, of manner on the part of young men towards young women which involves a positive loss, and fostered an ease of intercourse which may lead to disastrous results if it is not moderated by the experience of older persons and controlled by judicious social conventions.

The American girl is so trustworthy that it is very difficult for a foreigner to understand her. He finds it quite impossible, looking from the standpoint of his own social traditions, to believe that so much freedom can be combined with entire purity. There is, however, not the slightest question, among those who are well informed, regarding the essential moral healthfulness of American society. There will always be exceptions, both in remote country districts and in great cities, to this general statement, but, as a whole, American society is singularly free from social corruption. But the freedom which the American girl enjoys may be carried too far, and the freedom of the American boy often degenerates into license. A great many fathers and mothers in this country have practically abdicated their authority, and surrendered a responsibility from which they cannot release themselves, although they may evade it. No father or mother has a right, through easy-going complacency, or dislike to exercise authority, to pass over to children that direction of the home which ought to rest, not only on a sympathetic interpretation of the needs of young people, but also on a knowledge of life far in advance of the experience which youth can acquire. The head of a preparatory school for boys said not long ago that it was extremely difficult to enforce the rule against smoking when boys of thirteen frequently drove up to the school from the stations, accompanied by their fathers, both smoking vigorously. Every boy of mature physical growth has a right to decide whether he will smoke or not; but no father has any right to let a growing boy smoke, for well-known reasons. That is an authority which he cannot delegate without inflicting a serious injury upon the boy. The boy's wishes ought not to be consulted in the matter, any more than the wishes of the child who is anxious to play on the edge of a precipice. If the boy of thirteen knew what excessive cigarette-smoking meant, he would never indulge in it, for he has no desire to dwarf himself physically or mentally; and when he grows up and realizes what has happened as the result of his indulgence, he is likely to have anything but a kindly feeling towards the father whose laxity and carelessness failed to protect him from his own ignorance.

An Eastern community was shocked recently by a mysterious tragedy in which a young girl and two young men were concerned. That tragedy, whatever its character may be, was made possible by a freedom of intercourse under unusual and improper conditions which ought never to have been permitted. Every girl ought to understand that she is respected in the exact degree in which she is inaccessible to any kind of familiarities, and that it is impossible for a woman, if she wishes to secure not only confidence but admiration, to hold herself too sacred; and it is the fundamental duty of every mother to protect her daughter by instilling into her an adequate idea of the relation between the essential dignity of womanhood and the conventions which protect that dignity in social life. If American society is to preserve in any way the qualities which the best Americans in every generation have instilled into their children, there must be a far deeper sense of responsibility on the part of heads of families to their children than at present exists. There must be far less license permitted; there must be far more judicious and rational supervision.

The American child is generally regarded by foreigners as the most offensive representative of his country, and, unluckily, there is very much to justify this opinion, as all candid Americans who see American children in summer hotels and elsewhere must concede. Too many of them are rude, noisy, forward, and disrespectful, not only towards their parents but towards others. They reveal the laxity of their own homes in moral discipline and in the teaching of good manners. It will be necessary presently to preach a crusade or organize a movement for the education of American fathers and mothers, if the traditions of the Americans of earlier times are to be preserved, and if American society is to have any distinction either of aim, of taste, or of manners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Spectator

The poet says that man has mounted "through all the spires of form" from the worm to him whom God made upright, and the Spectator wonders whether one of the spires was through the bird world. For present-day man seems to have an instinctive desire to reassume the bird form, so far as velocity of movement goes. To say nothing of the Santos-Dumont experiments and the countless others of like nature having for their object the conquest of the air, the last generation or two has seen the development of numberless plans for increasing the speed with which men may travel over the ground. Railway trains are going faster and faster; the trolley car moves with a swiftness which soon tires the best horse along our city streets or suburban roads; the bicycle has lent wings to a vast army of pleasure-seekers to whom swift riding has been an allurement that repaid a hundredfold the pains and bruises of learning the accomplishment; and within a year or two the fleetest flyer of them all, the automobile, has taken possession of our thoroughfares. There is, indeed, such an intoxication in swift movement through the air that the Spectator wonders how our wings ever came to be clipped, in our evolutionary progress, and the merely useful arm to take the place of the pinion that would have enabled us to experience the ecstasy of soaring flight.

❀

While most of us enjoy this swift traveling, a majority of the human race prefer a slower gait unless assured of the absolute safety of the rapid movement. In other words, we prefer to die in our beds rather than by the roadside. The minority, however, are quite willing to take the chances of accident—particularly the chances of accident to others—for the sake of the sport. Thus it is that this country to-day is divided into two great camps—the automobilists and those who are afraid of them. The automobilists are intoxicated with the exhilaration and the novelty of propelling themselves thirty or forty miles an hour, and, furthermore, they enjoy the subtle feeling of pride in having "the best thing on the road." Power is apt to make tyrants of us all; and just as, in the horse age, a man would take a grim pleasure in rushing by our slow nag with his newly acquired fast trotter, thereby giving us a start and perhaps a swerve to the side of the road, so the automobilist's sense of power is a delightful possession and one that is hard to curb when he sees us jogging along in our contemptible one-horse rig, and feels that he is in a machine that can easily "dust" us and possibly make us open our eyes wide and give us a little shake-up in the bargain.

❀

These reflections came to the Spectator as the result of a drive the other day near a populous and popular seaside resort. He had gone with a friend for a little outing, and, wishing to take a quiet drive, they had engaged a horse and light cart from a near-by livery stable—a doubtful practice at best, but that isn't part of the story. The Spectator was surprised to hear that the livery stable business was in a decline. Notwithstanding the perfect weather, few teams were out. "It's the worst season I've ever had," the horse-owner remarked. "Folks don't seem to care about driving any more. Bicycles have gone out, too, and you'd think folks'd take to driving again, but they don't." After his drive the Spectator was ready with an explanation for the passing of the horse as a pleasure-giving investment. The Spectator and his friend started out joyfully enough. The day was fair, the road good, the horse spirited. All went well until, in a charming stretch of woodland road, a "chug-chug" was heard in the distance. In a moment a huge red machine came bearing down on the Spectator's little outfit. The horse plunged, reared, and tried to get away from the dreadful monster ahead. Fortunately, the horse was in the hands of a skillful driver—the Spectator had resigned the reins—and, more fortunately, the approaching monster was in charge of a man with bowels of compassion. The automobile slowed down and stopped, and enabled the Spectator and his friend to get by, though with doubtful grace and with a strong effort on the part of the horse to get a mile or two away from the dreadful object after it was safely passed. It then became a study on the part of the driver how to get the horse home without an upset. A comparatively unfrequented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

road was selected, and all went smoothly for a time. The Spectator was telling his companion about the outburst of a mild-mannered acquaintance of his who had had a similar experience a few days before, with an automobilist who refused to turn out from the exact middle of the road to allow him to pass, and had reached the point in his story when the horse's driver had said, "I felt like getting out and throwing a stone at that wretch," when there was a whirring noise behind. Looking back, the Spectator saw, in a cloud of dust, two automobiles approaching at high speed, apparently racing. He said to his friend, "We'll have a runaway now, unless you can get out of this." The horse, nothing loth, bounded at the word of the driver, and then ensued a race for safety. The whirring and puffing machines would soon have ended it, with the Spectator and his friend probably thrown out and the wagon smashed, but in the nick of time a side road leading up to a farmer's house appeared. Into this the excited horse was driven, while the snorting leviathans went by at a killing pace.

❀

"Oh, yes," said the farmer's wife, when her visitors had asked permission to cool off, "there's lots of those autos around. There's been a good many runaways because of them. You know, when one of those things comes out on ye sudden, I get frightened myself; and what can you expect of a poor dumb animal?" and she gently stroked the nose of the trembling horse. "They ought to be some way of stopping it. If it keeps on, we'll either all have to get automobiles or else walk. Horses don't get used to them things when they go so rapid." The kind-hearted woman furnished asylum for the horse for an hour or two, while the Spectator and his friend, not to miss their excursion altogether, went off afield afoot; and she later gave directions how to avoid most of the dangers of the return journey, and the Spectator and his friend finally arrived home safely.

❀

The horseless carriage has, the Spectator thinks, come to stay. Like most new things, it causes trepidation and disturbance among the old. Some parts of the country to-day, not yet accustomed to the change, are in a state of terror or of constant apprehension because of the advent of the new vehicle. Women are afraid to travel behind horses, and men are going up and down the land with hard feelings in their hearts and hard words in their mouths because of encounters with reckless or indifferent automobilists. The Spectator supposes that the more considerate owners of these machines, who frequently are or have been also horse-owners, will gradually temper their enthusiasm for the new invention with courtesy and regard for others' safety. Those who are not inclined to be considerate will gradually be warped in that direction by longer or shorter sojourns in places where there is no room for automobiles. And our friend the horse—our friend notwithstanding his timidity, his unwillingness to be reasoned with except on his own terms, his impressionableness, his liability to lose his "horse sense" at the slightest provocation—he will also stay with us, and will gradually, on his part, get used to the new vehicle as he got used to the locomotive, the trolley car, and the bicycle. But the Spectator submits that it would be only fair to put ourselves in his place to a certain extent, and be considerate of him. Let us try to diminish the frightful thumping noise of the machines, which makes him think, as we might think if we had his brain, that some frightful creature of his bad dreams is coming to devour him; and let us cease to offend his sight with garishly painted monstrosities, which make him wonder whether the old red barn has suddenly started off on a trip down the road, and give him some reason for imagining that the world has turned upside down and for standing on his head in a frantic endeavor to reverse it. With a fair effort on the part of both manufacturers and users of the machines to overcome the legitimate prejudices of the horse, the Spectator thinks that an *entente cordiale* will finally be established between our animate and inanimate servants.

---

The Outlook is glad to announce that the State of Maryland is to possess the original cast in bronze of the finely poetic group, "The Spirit of the Confederacy," by Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, which was illustrated in The Outlook of July 5. The original cast will be erected on Mount Royal Avenue in Baltimore, and will be unveiled about the middle of November next.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE[1]

## BY GEORGE KENNAN

## IV.

## A Night Eruption of Mont Pelée

AS a result of heat, fatigue, sleeplessness, and the drinking of unwholesome, ash-contaminated water, we all felt rather weak and depressed on the morning after our return from the tornado valley of the Roxelane, and when Mr. Jaccaci, with unconquerable energy, proposed an expedition to the sub-crater of the Falaise, Mr. Varian and I had to admit that we were not physically equal to it. Varian, who was really ill, went to bed again after breakfast; and I was afraid that if I continued to expose myself, day after day, to the hot, tropical sunshine, I should bring on another attack of the low malarial fever from which I had already been suffering at intervals for two or three years. We all wanted, moreover, to attempt an ascent of the volcano the next day, and it seemed to Mr. Varian and me that we should do better if we reserved all the strength we had for that undertaking. Mr. Clerc, however, was apparently ready if not anxious to go, and a party consisting of Mr. Jaccaci, Mr. Clerc, Mr. Chancel, and a negro journalist named Confiant, who had been spending a day or two at Vivé as a guest, started for the Falaise soon after lunch.

The sub-crater on our side of the volcano was not more than three miles and a half, in an air line, from Mr. Clerc's house; and as it was situated on one of the lower slopes of the mountain, near the old Calebasse road, it could be reached without much difficulty. We had seen white clouds of steam rising from it occasionally, but no one had yet visited it, and as it seemed that day to be absolutely quiescent, Mr. Clerc and Mr. Jaccaci were anxious to examine it more closely—partly as a matter of scientific curiosity, and partly to ascertain whether it was really a serious menace to Vivé. The destruction of the Guerin sugar-mill by a flood of boiling water and mud thrown out of the sub-crater of the Rivière Blanche on the other side of the volcano suggested the possibility of a similar eruption from the sub-crater of the Falaise on our side; and as the Falaise emptied into the Capot, and our house was situated on low ground near the mouth of the latter, a flood like the one that rushed down the valley of the Rivière Blanche on the 5th of May might bury us suddenly under fifty feet of mud, or sweep us all into the sea. This, I think, was the principal reason for Mr. Clerc's anxiety to visit the Falaise sub-crater and see what it was doing.

After the party had gone, I studied through a field-glass the ash-covered, deeply furrowed slopes of the volcano, looked now and then for signs of disturbance in the gorge of the Falaise, and watched the great volume of yellowish-white vapor which boiled up out of the main crater, rose majestically in immense cloudy thunder-heads to a height of four or five thousand feet, and then drifted slowly away to the westward under the influence of the steady trade wind.

The vapor that is thrown out of the main crater of Mont Pelée varies greatly from day to day, and sometimes from hour to hour, not only in density but in color, form, and general appearance. In its varying aspects it may be described as follows:

1. The vapor of quiescence—a slowly ascending column of pure white steam which has neither sharp, clearly defined outlines, nor puff-like convolutions, and which suggests steam rising from the hot water of a geyser-basin, or from the escape-pipe of a big ocean steamer.

2. The vapor of moderate activity—a column of greater density and somewhat darker color, which rolls and unfolds a little as it rises, and looks like steam

[1] Copyright, 1902, the Outlook Company, New York.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mixed with brownish or yellowish smoke from the chimney of a manufactory.

3. The vapor of dangerous activity—a sharply defined, dark-yellow column of what appears to be liquid mud, which boils out of the volcano in huge rounded masses, swelling and evolving in immense convolutions as it rises—one gigantic mud-bubble breaking up out of another in turn—until over the crater there stands a solid opaque pillar of boiling, unfolding, evolving mud-vapor, five hundred feet in diameter and eight or ten thousand feet in height.

4. The vapor of great eruptions—a straight-sided shaft of very black smoke, which shoots up out of the crater with tremendous velocity, like the smoke of a colossal piece of artillery fired heavenward. This shaft goes to a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet, and then mushrooms out laterally so as to cover a circle fifty miles or more in diameter with a volcanic canopy which is as dark as the blackest thunder-cloud and which shuts out the light of day like a total eclipse. The projectile force, in eruptions of this kind, is so great that it throws the black vapor far above the influence of the trade-wind, and the advancing edge of the volcanic mantle moves swiftly eastward, two miles or more above the fleecy trade-wind clouds that are drifting in the opposite direction.

It would be natural enough, perhaps, to suppose that the volcano, in its varying phases of activity, throws out vapor of different kinds—at one time pure white steam, at another time steam mixed with smoke, and in a great eruption inky-black smoke of the sootiest kind; but such is not the case. A volcano never emits true smoke—that is, air laden with particles of unconsumed carbon—at any time; and ninety-nine per cent. of the vapor that rises from Mont Pelée is pure steam. When this steam is wholly free from solid matter, it looks white; but as it becomes more and more heavily charged with the fine dust of pulverized rock, it acquires greater and greater apparent density, and changes its color from pure white to yellowish-white, then to a dark muddy yellow, and finally to brownish-black and the deep threatening black of a hurricane, or tornado-cloud. The form as well as the rate of movement of the ascending vapor-column seems to depend upon the manner in which the steam makes its escape from the hot interior of the volcano and the projectile force of the subterranean explosions. The finely divided matter which gives density and color to the column of steam is volcanic dust—a grayish powder, like Portland cement, which is nothing more or less than rock that has been ground up in the vast subterranean mortar of the volcano, or, as seems more likely, blown into minute fragments by the expansive force of hot aqueous vapor suddenly released from immense pressure. In describing Mont Pelée and the results of its activity, I have sometimes used, and may continue to use, the words "smoke" and "ashes;" but it must steadily be borne in mind that the volcano ejects neither the one nor the other. What looks like smoke is steam charged with dust, and the dust which looks like ashes, is powdered rock.

Up to this time, May 26, we had seen nothing whatever to indicate that Mont Pelée was in a state of dangerous, or even serious, activity. Great clouds of vapor rolled up incessantly from the main crater, but they were carried away from us by the trade-wind; no ashes fell; there were no rumblings or detonations; and as I sat looking at the gray, desolate mountain that afternoon, I said to myself, "Jaccaci, Clerc, and the others will have a safe trip; the old volcano isn't going to do anything to-day."

The crater-exploring party returned about five o'clock and gave us a graphic description of the wild gorge of the upper Falaise, which, Mr. Jaccaci said, was the most impressive, frightful, and unearthly place he had ever seen, although he was familiar with Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna. The crater, with its deep pit and vault-like openings into the volcano, proved to be empty; but the desolate, eroded cañon in which it was situated looked like a Doré picture of the gateway to hell. I had not seen Mr. Jaccaci so roused and excited since our arrival in Martinique; and I regretted that I had not gone with the party, fever or no fever. They had evidently seen something that was tremendous, unearthly, and awe-inspiring.

When dinner was served that night, about seven o'clock, a larger company assembled than usual. Mr. Clerc's brother from Trinité had come to make him a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short visit, and there were two or three other guests from neighboring plantations or from Basse Pointe. Mr. Varian came down, ill as he was, and sat with us for an hour or more, but finally had an attack of faintness, asked to be excused, and left the room. It was then a little after eight o'clock. He had just gone upstairs when we were startled by three or four dull, heavy explosions—boom! boom-boom! boom!—like the sound of cannonading at a distance of two or three miles. Mr. Clerc shouted excitedly, "Le volcan! Le volcan!" and, springing from his seat, rushed out of doors, with all the rest of us at his heels. There were a lot of mango-trees just in front of the house, and we had to run twenty or thirty yards before we could see the volcano at all. When we got out into the open, it burst suddenly upon our startled eyes, and a more splendid and at the same time terrifying object I had never seen nor imagined. The whole mountain, from base to summit, was ablaze with volcanic lightning, and the air trembled with short, heavy, thunderous explosions, like the firing of thirteen-inch guns from half a dozen battleships in action. Straight up from the crater, clearly outlined against the starry sky, rose a column of inky-black vapor, a thousand feet in height, which looked like a shaft of solid ebony. Before I had time to breathe twice it had reached a height of two thousand feet; in thirty seconds it had grown three thousand feet more, without the least increase in width; and in less than two minutes it stood ten thousand feet above the crater and was still going up. In every part of this ascending column of black vapor there were bursting huge electric stars of volcanic lightning, which illuminated the whole mountain, while the accompanying roar of thunderous explosions sounded like a great naval battle at sea.

I was so absorbed in the magnificence of the spectacle that I had no consciousness of my situation, and did not even notice what was going on about me until I heard Mr. Clerc shout in English, "Gentlemen, it is time to go! This is dangerous place! We will go to house of my good friend at Acier!"

Recalled suddenly by Mr. Clerc's voice to a consciousness of my environment, I looked around and found myself in a throng of fugitives, servants, hostlers, laborers from the sugar-mill, and employees of the estate generally, who had rushed out of their houses or run into the yard from the road at the first alarm, and were staring at the volcano in what seemed to be a daze of bewilderment and terror. Mr. Clerc's excited cry, "Gentlemen, it is time to go!" and a hasty order which he gave in French to his overseer, Mr. Chancel, roused the silent crowd from its stupor of amazement and threw it into a panic of excitement and fear. Everybody rushed in one direction or another, and the yard instantly became a scene of the wildest confusion. Fugitives from Ajoupa Bouillon and Basse Pointe, who had stopped at Vivé to rest or bivouac, broke into headlong flight; employees of the estate rushed away to their houses, calling loudly to their wives and children as they ran; Mr. Chancel and three or four hostlers started for the stable to get a horse or saddle-mule for Mademoiselle Marie; Mr. Clerc, remembering that Varian was ill, but forgetting his name, ran into the house and shouted up the stairway, "Mr. Artist! Mr. Artist! It is time to go!" and the thunderings of the volcano, the shouts of excited men, the barking of dogs, the wailing of frightened children, and the shrill cries of half-frantic women made up a tumult that was enough to shake the coolest self-possession.

I wavered for a moment, took another look at the tremendous, lightning-shot pillar of black cloud over the crater of the volcano, remembered St. Pierre and the ash-plastered bodies of the dead in the tornado-valley of the Roxelane, and made up my mind that, in the words of Mr. Clerc, it was "time to go." I cannot remember whether I said anything to Mr. Jaccaci and Mr. Varian or not. We were all half dazed ourselves by the suddenness of the eruption and the frightful appearance of the volcano, and there was no time or opportunity for consultation as to the best course of action. Mr. Clerc had virtually taken command with the shout "It is time to go!" and I felt no disposition to question his judgment or dispute his authority. I determined, however, that I would not go without my note-book and camera. I had left them upstairs in my bedroom, and, as I remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered exactly where they were, I found them without difficulty, even in the darkness; but I could not possibly find my cork helmet. I therefore caught up a mackintosh that happened to be hanging over the back of a chair, and threw it across my arm, with the idea that if volcanic stones or hot cinders should begin to fall I could fold it up into a sort of cushion and use it as a protection for my head. That volcano had already thrown stones, large enough to kill, into the yard of the Military Hospital at Fort de France, fifteen miles away; and I didn't want to be caught out in the open bareheaded. I had only slippers on my feet, but there was no time then to look for or put on shoes.

When I got back into the yard, after an absence of about a minute and a half, the crowd had somewhat diminished; but Mr. Jaccaci and Mr. Clerc and Mr. Chancel were just putting Mademoiselle Marie on a horse. I ran out beyond the mango trees to take one more look at the volcano. A dull, red glow, streaked with what seemed to be tongues of flame, rose two or three hundred feet above the main crater, forming a fiery base for a shaft of intensely black vapor, ten or twelve thousand feet in height, which had already begun to mushroom out at the top. Showers of incandescent stones were falling over the summit of the mountain, and the vapor-column was pierced incessantly by short streaks of volcanic lightning which seemed to end in explosive electric stars, of blinding brilliancy, like huge sparks from a gigantic Leyden jar. There was no rolling, reverberating thunder, but every starlike outburst at the end of a lightning streak was followed by the dull, heavy, jarring explosion of a thirteen-inch gun; and as the stars were flashing out constantly in every part of a vapor-column two miles high, the roar was like that of a continuous cannonade.

I cannot remember how I got out into the road, but I have an indistinct recollection of stumbling through a cane-field behind Mademoiselle Marie's horse, and then falling into a gully as a result of trying to run away from the volcano and at the same time look back at it. When we finally came out on the highway, two or three hundred yards from the house, we found ourselves in a stream of fugitives from all the surrounding country who were running rapidly in the direction of Grande Anse. I heard, occasionally, an exclamation of "Oh! Mon Dieu!" from some frightened woman, but, as a rule, both men and women fled in silence, never stopping or looking behind them.

At the top of the first ascending slope in the road, about a quarter of a mile from Vivé, I stopped for an instant to recover my breath and look again at the volcano. The mushrooming cloud of vapor was then moving swiftly eastward, opening out like a huge black fan as it advanced, and its sharply defined edge had almost reached the zenith. The volcano itself was still ablaze with lightning, and the star-like bombs were bursting around the crater, in the black pillar of cloud that rose from it, and in every part of the inky canopy overhead. The thunderous explosions, the incessant flashing out of brilliant meteoric stars, the dull, red glow at the base of the ascending vapor-column, and the shower of incandescent stones and cinders, streaking with fire a background of impenetrable gloom, made up an exhibition of infernal energy that, to one who had seen St. Pierre, was simply appalling. It looked like the end of all things.

As the great blazing, thundering tide of black vapor rolled eastward, it blotted out the constellations, one after another, until there was left only a streak of clear sky, ten or fifteen degrees in width, along the southern horizon. It was then much darker than when we left Vivé, but the brilliant flashes of stellar lightning in the volcanic mantle overhead illumined the gray, ash-covered road so that we had no difficulty in finding our way, so long as we did not look upward. But I wanted to look upward most of the time. The lightning was so extraordinary, and so different from anything I had ever before seen, that I stumbled along, with upturned face, watching the play of the short, quick flashes, and the star-like outbursts with which they ended, until my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see the man who was running beside me—much less the horse of Mademoiselle Marie ahead. Jaccaci, Varian, and I tried to keep together; but there was a stream of fugitives in the road, and in the darkness, confusion, and excitement we sometimes became sepa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rated. A shout, however, of "Jaccaci! Varian! Where are you?" always brought the cheery reply, "Here we are; all right!" From Clerc and Chancel, who were running ahead beside the horse of Mademoiselle Marie, we heard nothing, and I had not the faintest idea where they intended to go; but I presumed we were all bound for the house of the "good friend" at Acier, where Mr. Clerc had been spending his nights.

The evening was intensely close and hot, and I feared that Varian, who had been ill all day, would faint or collapse before we could reach a place of shelter; but he showed no sign of distress, and said, in reply to every inquiry, "Oh, I'm all right." Mr. Jaccaci, who was apparently the least-excited man in the party, tried at intervals to encourage and quiet the panic-stricken fugitives who were hurrying along the road beside us; and when, after an unusually brilliant outburst of stellar lightning, or a terrifying explosion overhead, some frightened native woman began to whimper, or cried distractedly, "Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" he would say, "Cheer up, mother! It's nothing serious. Dangerous? Not a bit; nothing is going to hurt you," and the reassured woman would trudge along quietly, more comforted than if a dozen paper chromolithographs of the Martinique Madonna had been pinned over her heart.

If some scientific investigator of vol canic phenomena should ask me how much time the black vapor-cloud occupied in going from the crater to a point vertically over the seacoast at Grande Anse, and how long we were running or walking on the road east of Vivé, I should have to make a random, untrustworthy guess. Time and space did not register in my consciousness; and all that I am now able to say is that when we climbed the last hill, and found ourselves among the big trees in front of the old colonial mansion of Acier, stars of volcanic lightning were still bursting not only in the black canopy above our heads, but far east of us, over the ocean, at a distance of at least seven miles from the crater.

We reached shelter just in time to escape a shower of ashes and small, hot volcanic stones, which began to patter down, like sleet, through the leaves of the trees as we burst in at the side door of the dark and empty house. I fortunately happened to have a box of matches in my pocket, and scratching one on the door I lighted a bit of a candle that I found on the dining table. The room instantly filled with fugitives—mostly negroes—who had come with us or preceded us, and as their faces and figures took form and color in the light of that flaring candle-end, it was evident that this was one of the occasions when birds that are *not* of a feather flock together. It would have been hard to find, that night, in all Martinique, a more heterogeneous roomful of people. At Vivé we had been gentlemen, guests, servants, sugar-mill hands, Hindu coolies, negro women, and a lady. At Acier we were simply a lot of tired Pelée fugitives. I looked vainly for Mr. Clerc, his brother Josef, and the negro journalist, Confiant, who sat next me at dinner. All had gone on in the direction of Grande Anse, and the journalist, who had lost twenty-eight relatives in St. Pierre, fled fifteen miles down the eastern coast before he finally stopped at Trinité. The owner of the mansion where we were had run away, with all his servants, long before we arrived; and, as we subsequently learned, there had been a general stampede, not only from Vivé to Acier, but from villages and towns as distant as Grande Anse, Marigot, and St. Marie.

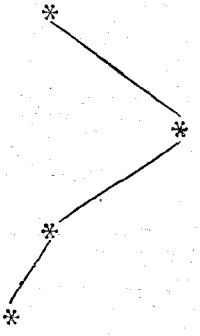
When we reached the house at Acier, we were tired, breathless, and dripping with perspiration; but Mr. Chancel found some rum in a wine-closet, and after taking a "bracer" of that fiery stimulant, and resting a little, I felt sufficiently revived to go out into the yard and look once more at Mont Pelée. It was then pitch dark. The electric stars had ceased bursting overhead; the glow above the crater had disappeared, and the volcano had wrapped itself in a shroud of impenetrable gloom. A storm, however, seemed to be raging above it, and the bolts of smoke-reddened lightning which shot down upon it at intervals were followed by long peals of rolling, reverberating thunder.

When I returned to the dining-room, Mademoiselle Marie had taken charge of the house; found and lighted a lamp; sent the negroes to the kitchen; and was getting bedrooms ready for us in the second story. Varian, who was feeling the chill of wet underclothing and the reac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion from excitement and fatigue, soon went up stairs to bed and while Mr. Jaccaci was discussing the volcano with Mr. Chancel, I sat down at the table to write up my notes.

The feature of the eruption that made the deepest impression upon me was the stellar lightning. The uprush of black smoke, the glow over the crater, and the shower of incandescent stones and cinders were all phenomena that had been observed and described before; but the short, thin streaks of lightning followed by star-like explosions in the volcanic mantle—not only above the crater, but miles away from it—were entirely new. The distinctive characteristics of this lightning were the shortness of the streak, the comparatively great size and brilliancy of the spark, or light-burst, at the end of the streak, and the single booming report that followed. Sometimes three or four great sparks, connected by fiery streaks, would flash out together in this way:



and at other times the stars would burst so far back in the cloud that the streaks were invisible and there was only a circular irradiation of the vapor. If there was any storm lightning, of the ordinary kind, in the earlier stages of the eruption, it was so much less noticeable than the stellar lightning that it escaped my observation; and I am quite sure that there was no rolling, reverberating thunder at all until near the close of the display, when reddish lightning-bolts began to dart down on the volcano from the developing storm-cloud over the crater. Before that time all, or nearly all, of the electric discharges had ended in stellar light-bursts, and all of the thunder had been made up of separate and distinct reports, like the thunder of a heavy and rapid cannonade.

The general effect of the stellar lightning was that of a short, thin electric discharge, striking and igniting a pocket of inflammable gas in the cloud of volcanic vapor. I am not at all sure, however, that the star-like explosions were caused in this way. It is hard to observe accurately in a time of such excitement; but I am almost sure that the stellar light-bursts were sometimes *wholly outside* of the volcanic mantle. It might possibly be worth while to ascertain whether any such effects as these can be produced in the laboratory by sending an electric discharge of high tension through hot air or steam densely charged with fine rock-dust. It hardly seems possible that there could have been isolated, discrete pockets of inflammable gas in that volcanic cloud, seven miles away from the crater; and if not, the phenomenon must have been wholly electrical.

This stellar lightning, in connection with a volcanic eruption, has been observed, I think, before; but it does not seem to have been commented upon or investigated. Captain Watson, of the British ship "Charles Bal," saw what he afterward described as a "continual roll of balls of white fire" over Krakatoa, when he was twelve miles off that volcano during the night eruption of August 27, 1883; and "fire-balls" were seen in the vapor of the New Zealand volcano Talawera in 1886. Finally, the Japanese geologist Kikuchi, of the Imperial University of Tokyo, reports that in the great eruption of the Japanese volcano of Bandai-san in 1888, "the people of Inawashiro and the neighboring villages saw, through the falling ashes" (in the daytime) "*innumerable vivid sparks of fire* on the slopes of Obandai and Akahani, at considerable distances from the crater. These sparks were quite different in nature from lightning, presenting rather an appearance as of the *firing of innumerablo guns*."

There can be little doubt, I think, that these "vivid sparks," which were bright enough to be seen by the inhabitants of several villages at a distance of two or three miles in the daytime, were precisely such star-like outbursts as we saw on the night of May 26, in the vapor of Mont Pelée. When I rushed out of doors, at the beginning of the eruption, the first impression made upon my mind was that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brilliantly white meteors were being thrown out of the ascending vapor-column in every direction—sometimes upward, and sometimes downward toward the slopes of the volcano. But this observation is not wholly trustworthy. All I am sure of is that the whole volcano seemed to be ablaze with these electric stars, which suggested both meteors and huge sparks from a gigantic Leyden jar.

At eleven o'clock, when I finished writing up my notes of the eruption and again went out of doors, the black cloud overhead was growing perceptibly thinner, and seemed to be drifting away to the northward. Mont Pelée was still wrapped in dark vapor, but there were no lightning flashes over the crater; no sound of any kind came from that direction, and the volcano had apparently suspended operations. When I returned to the house, Mr. Jaccaci, who had seemed for an hour to be more than usually thoughtful and moody, said to me, "What do you think about going back to Vivé?"

"Now—to-night?" I inquired.

"Yes; as soon as it gets light enough."

"I don't see any particular use," I said, "in going back to a place we've just run away from. Shan't we be comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I suppose so; but I don't like this running away from things. Besides that, somebody ought to look after Mr. Clerc's house. We simply abandoned it, leaving all the doors open, and it might be looted."

"So far as the running away is concerned," I replied, "I haven't a bit of feeling, and I don't see why you should have. If you were in a deep valley and saw a Johnstown flood coming down on you, wouldn't you get out of the way if you could?"

"Yes—probably—but if you and I and Varian had been alone at Vivé we should have stood our ground. It was Clerc and the others who stampeded us. I hate to do anything that has to be explained."

"Well, Field Marshal," I said, laughingly, "if you'll just describe, in your eloquent way, what we *saw*, I don't think anybody will ever call for an explanation of what we *did*. However, if you want to go back to Vivé to-night, I'm with you. My underclothing is all wet; I'm getting chilly; and I'd like a bath and a change, anyway."

At half past eleven it was light enough to see the road, and Mr. Jaccaci, Mr. Chancel, and I started back on foot. When we reached Vivé, just before midnight, we found a crowd of silent, terror-stricken fugitives huddled close together in the shelter of the house, at the end of the piazza that was farthest away from the volcano. Somebody had put out the lights on the dining table and closed the doors, and nothing seemed to have been disturbed.

We went to our rooms, refreshed ourselves with a bath, a medicinal dose of rum, and a smoke, and had just gone to bed when we heard footsteps on the stairs, and, to our great astonishment, in burst Mr. Clerc. He looked tired and anxious; his wet hair was plastered down over his forehead; and he was evidently excited.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "*wasn't* that an explosion! Ai! ai! ai! I've come back with two carriages to take you away."

"Thank you," said Mr. Jaccaci, coolly; "we don't want to go away."

"But you can't stay here!" he cried, excitedly; "it's dangerous! You don't know what that volcano is going to do. I've seen four explosions—*four!*" (holding up four fingers to me) "and I don't want to see any more—God forbid! But I've come back after you."

"We're very comfortable here," said Mr. Jaccaci, "and I'm not going to get up again to-night—volcano or no volcano."

"But, gentlemen!" expostulated Mr. Clerc, you don't understand. This is serious—*very* serious! Vivé is a dangerous place. You don't know what may happen to you here before morning."

Mr. Jaccaci still refused to get up, and I felt satisfied that nothing short of a Krakatoa explosion would drive him away from Vivé again that night.

"Well, gentlemen," said poor Mr. Clerc at last, "you are my guests, I feel responsible for your safety, and I have come back here, after midnight, with two carriages, to take you to Trinité. You won't go, and I can't do anything more. I've warned you, and you must do as you think best. If you stay, I shall have to bid you good-by. I am going myself to Fort de France."

We thanked him most cordially for his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warm-hearted hospitality, for his kindness, and for the courage and devotion that he had shown in coming back after us, but told him that we had come to Martinique to study that volcano, and we didn't care to run away from it twice in one night. He shook hands with us, wished us good luck, bade us good-by, and started for Trinité. A few days later he went to Guadeloupe after his family, and sailed thence, by the first French transatlantic steamer, for Havre. The conditions of life on the island of Martinique had become, as he said, "impossible."

We got through the night at Vivé without an alarm, and at half past six the next morning we were joined by Mr. Varian and Mademoiselle Marie, who, also, had decided to return.

The volcano was in a state of intense activity and looked extremely threatening and dangerous. The vapor had all cleared away from its slopes, and the high arete at its northern end was covered with a fresh fall of very white ashes which looked, in the sunshine, like snow, and gave that part of the mountain an appearance that was almost arctic. Immense volumes of dark yellow mud-smoke were boiling out of the main crater and rolling up in vast convolutions to a height of five thousand feet, against a tremendous black background of falling cinders and ashes.

Mademoiselle Marie succeeded in getting together the materials for a cold breakfast, and we made a strenuous effort to take a hopeful and cheerful view of life; but the menacing shadow of Mont Pelée was over us all. About nine o'clock Mr. Jaccaci, who had been knocked out by the hard experience of the previous night, went to bed, seriously ill; Mr. Varian soon followed his example, and I was left to commune with that infernal volcano alone. How many times I went out to look at it in the course of the next three or four hours, I don't know, but at least twenty. It was covering the whole western sky with dark yellow mud-clouds and black showers of falling ashes, and seemed to me more threatening and terrifying than ever. Before noon I had become so wrought up by anxiety and nervous strain that my imagination began to run away with me, and I suddenly felt a vague but overwhelming premonition of some impending catastrophe. Going to Mr. Jaccaci's bedside, I said to him: "If you feel able to get up, I wish you'd come and look at this volcano." He walked feebly to the side window in the upper story of the house, gazed fixedly at the volcano for fully a minute, and then said: "It looks as Vesuvius must have looked five minutes before the destruction of Pompeii. If you want to get out of this, I'm ready to go."

"I've been wanting to get out of this," I said, "for the last four hours. The thing is getting on my nerves. If you and Varian feel able to ride, I'm in favor of leaving here at once."

We summoned Mr. Chancel, held a volcano-council, and decided to close the house and seek a safer place of abode. Ox-carts were brought to the door; mattresses, bedding, personal baggage, table-linen, wine, food, and such other things as we were likely to need were put into them, mules were harnessed to a light double carriage, and we all started for Acier, leaving Vivé to its fate.

# A Scholar's Prayer

By Theodore C. Williams

Light, light! O Lord! In darkness I was born,
  Yet strove against it ever. Many a star
Has faded quite and left me all forlorn;
  But starward still I toil and follow far.

Thou didst create both darkness and the day.
  O help, preserve me, though I blindly roam!
And if in love of light too wide I stray,
  Shine in my heart, O God, and guide me home!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "Unfair" Workmen and Boycotted Prayers

By William Futhey Gibbons

Author of "Those Black Diamond Men," etc.

THE unpleasant word "scab," as applied to a workman who continues his employment after the labor union has declared a strike, is no longer used in public and with impunity in the anthracite coal regions. The courts have declared that the use of the epithet constitutes disorderly conduct, and the justices of the peace are imposing twenty-five-dollar fines on persons of excitable temperament who indulge in the expression. So the term "unfair" workman is used instead by the strikers.

In the districts where the strike prevails, the days of the "unfair" workman are full of trouble. He walks alone on the streets, avoided by his former companions. Indeed, he may be very thankful if he is alone, without being subject to annoyance or threats of violence. There are always tons of stones in the mining regions, and a good many of these have been transferred by the strike sympathizers in the direction of the unfair workman and his property.

Not only is the unfair workman himself brought under ban, but his family also suffer in the same way as the unfair father or brother. Hundreds of tradesmen have refused to sell goods to the families of those who continue to work during the strike. Hundreds of other storekeepers have continued to sell to the families of unfair workmen, and thus have braved the wrath of the strikers and faced the ruin of their business.

In Wilkesbarre is a lace curtain mill, the largest factory of its kind in America. Here the first Nottingham lace curtains were made in this country. In this mill five girls were employed whose fathers or brothers continued to work in spite of the strike order calling out the engineers, firemen, and pump-runners. A committee from the workers waited on the superintendent, demanding that the relatives of the unfair workmen should be discharged. The superintendent refused, and eleven hundred employees, mostly girls, quit the mills. Recently a committee from the central labor union of the city waited on the superintendent, and a temporary peace was declared. In the meantime a permanent agreement may be reached.

But the principle of the boycott reached its climax on Sunday, June 30. On that date, in at least two different churches groups of strikers deliberately left their places of worship rather than pray in the same building with unfair workmen. In the Primitive Methodist church in Wilkesbarre some fifty persons left the sanctuary, while in the Catholic church at Olyphant more than one hundred men abandoned the service. The case at Olyphant was most striking. Olyphant is a typical mining town, lying in the Lackawanna Valley on both sides of the river, although under different borough governments. Coal-mining is practically the only industry. As one enters the town from the southeast, several large breakers loom against the sky. One of these is covered with galvanized iron fireproofing, and another is surmounted by a large weather-vane in the shape of a kicking mule. Some of the breakers of the town have lately been cordoned with rusty, worn-out wire cable strung over crossed stakes, while the engine-houses and the breakers themselves are protected by high board fences. In conspicuous places notices are displayed warning all persons against trespassing, while the bold-faced type of the sheriff's proclamation stares each passer-by out of countenance from the gateways of the fences. Whoever enters these gateways is a marked man, an "unfair" workman.

As the people came up the valley on their way to church they passed an effigy dangling by the neck from an electric-light pole. Wagon-loads of these figures have been collected by the authorities and burned, but still they reappear from time to time. The rain had washed the name from the card pinned to the breast of the figure, but the passers-by knew whom it was meant to represent.

St. Patrick's is the largest church in the borough of Olyphant. It is finely situated on one of the best streets and is



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surrounded by a well-kept, terraced lawn. It is shaded by horse-chestnut and maple trees and partly covered with vines. Next the church is the parochial school. In the yard stands a life-sized statue of the Saviour in the act of blessing a kneeling nun and pointing to his bleeding heart. It is like a bit of Old World, green pastoral shut out from the usual grime and din of the coal regions.

The largest congregation of St. Patrick's assembles for the half-past ten o'clock mass. At that time on the Sunday in question the striking miners undertook to discipline one of their number, the fire boss of the Vandyke colliery, who has steadfastly refused to quit work. A member of the executive board of the miners' union of this district, at the head of a number of striking miners, entered the church and went up to the fire boss, requesting him to leave the building. He refused to do so. The leader then asked the officiating priest to eject the unfair workman from the building. When the priest indignantly refused, the leader announced, in a voice that all could hear, the name of the fire boss, declaring that he was an unfair workman, and that no one ought to be willing to worship with him. About one hundred men followed the leader from the building, and soon the shady street was lined with those who refused to join a "scab" in his prayers. The strikers proceeded in a body to a near-by Hungarian church and attended mass there, while the service went on in their own church as quietly as possible. The priest strongly deprecates the action of the men. The matter will now be settled between the leader and the fire boss in the civil court in an action for trespass.

# Mine Discipline and Unionism

By Walter E. Weyl

THE chief grievance of the operators in the present anthracite coal strike is the alleged insubordination and contumacy of the men. Since the strike of 1900, which resulted in concessions to the miners' union, the United Mine Workers of America, labor conditions have become, according to the testimony of the operators, unsettled and discipline lax. Disaffection has spread from the highest to the lowest ranks, from the skilled miner to the rawest breaker boy. The authority of the local union has been invoked against that of the superintendent. Provoking incidents have occurred, and scores of petty strikes have broken out. So frequent have become the irritating incidents that foremen and superintendents have repeatedly threatened resignation unless the labor problem was settled.

A few incidents may serve to show the nature of the relations existing between the workmen and the employers as viewed by the latter. It is related that a superintendent of an important company requested a breaker boy to clean a window. "'Tain't none of my business," the boy replied. "Well, do it, anyway," replied the superintendent. "I won't," rejoined the boy; "I won't, and if you fire me I will call out the other fellows." The lad was immediately discharged; the other breaker boys struck, and for several days the mine closed down. Subsequently work on the mine was resumed and the breaker boy reinstated.

According to the allegations of the operators, this is but one of a number of instances that occasion petty strikes or cause serious irritation. On another occasion a boy killed a mule and was protected by the men from discharge. Another breaker boy left his mule without food all night long in a passageway, because a car was in the road. Still another boy, a mere ragged child, insulted and swore at the superintendent, a respected and influential middle-aged man. In another mine a strike was declared and lasted for several days, because one of the bosses, with the consent of the union, had paid up his dues and relinquished membership. No cause was assigned for this strike, but upon its settlement it was stated that the boss was twenty-five cents or some other insignificant sum short in his accounts with the union. On still another occasion the men struck and held up the mine because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boss would not immediately state in advance the price to be paid upon a certain piece of work. When the circus was in town, the boys left in a body and the mine was closed down. Occasionally local officials of the union post notices in the mines ordering a cessation of work for a union or some other purpose, and the men lay off without notification to the superintendent or other representative of the operator. In some of the mines in the northern district matters reached such a crisis that foremen were afraid to address the men either in reproach or with advice, while to issue a command was to court gratuitous insult.

The incidents above related are extreme cases and are based upon statements by the operators and their sympathizers, but the union officials seem to admit that, in certain districts and on certain occasions at least, small strikes have occasionally been called without sufficient justification. It is that state of affairs following on a long period of complete subordination of the men that has largely impelled the operators in their present course, and has apparently determined them to attempt to destroy the union, root and branch.

From a right point of view, however, the excesses of the men are an indictment, not against the union, but against the operating companies. Not the union, but the operator, is responsible for the dozens of petty strikes. The union now desires, and in the past always has desired, a recognition on the part of the operators; the operators always have refused, and now still refuse, to concede such recognition. The excesses of the local bodies have been due, not to the existence of the National union, but to its weakness through lack of recognition; the local disorders and petty disputes which the operators attribute to unionism are inevitable if the union is not recognized, but impossible once such recognition has been granted.

The error of the operators consists in not properly distinguishing between the authority of the local and that of the National organization. As matters now stand, each operator is bound to reckon with one or more local organizations, whether or not he formally recognizes their jurisdiction. In any conflict he is liable to incur a local strike, and while the National body attempts to repress such strikes, it finds its hands tied by the refusal of the operators to treat with it.

If in a controversy the local organization of miners essays in vain to state its grievance to the operator; if, on appeal to the district board, the operator refuses all invitations to present his case; if, after all attempts are made, the company persists in its refusal to discuss the matter, it is not to be wondered that the case goes by default and the district organization sustains the local. On the other hand, in the event of a sudden and unjustifiable suspension of work by the miners in a given colliery, the district organization cannot reasonably be supposed to intervene if the operator, in pursuance of his policy of non-recognition, refuses to complain or to give evidence.

The cure for sporadic and petty strikes and for chronic local irritation is the recognition of the union through a trade agreement or through some other arrangement. In many trades such an agreement has been in force for many years; and experience proves that, in the main, the agreement is religiously observed, both parties living up to all of its provisions. All cases of local trouble are considered by joint committees or representatives of both parties, and there is a series of joint tribunals of higher instance, to which all cases may be carried on appeal. Most important of all, there is no cessation of work during the progress of the debate which precedes settlement, and the usual result of such recourse to the higher tribunals is to secure an amicable settlement and permanently to avert a strike. The higher the tribunal, the more removed from the immediate issue, the cooler is apt to be the judgment and the more probable the successful issue of the negotiations. The Iron Molders' Union, which formerly was one of the most aggressive of labor organizations, entered in 1891 into a trade agreement with the stove manufacturers, and since that time "strikes have been entirely eliminated."

It is not necessary, however, to go so far afield to find instances of the avoidance of strikes by the trade agreement. In portions of the bituminous field the trade agreement has worked to the advantage and satisfaction of both operators and miners, and has prevented the petty strikes which have occurred in the anthracite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regions. The agreement between the Illinois Coal Operators' Association and the United Mine Workers of America, District 12, provides a perfect system for the settlement of disputes.

There is, at every colliery the working conditions of which are regulated by the trade agreement, a Pit Committee whose duty it is to adjust disputes arising between the Pit Boss and any members of the United Mine Workers.

In case of any local trouble arising at any shaft through such failure to agree between the pit boss and any miner or mine laborer, the pit committee and the miners' local president and the pit boss are empowered to adjust it; and in the case of their disagreement it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the president of the miners' local executive board, where such exists; and shall they fail to adjust it—and in all other cases—it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the miners' president of the sub-district; and should they fail to adjust it, it shall be referred in writing to the officials of the company concerned and the State officials of the United Mine Workers of America for adjustment; and in all such cases the miners and mine laborers and parties involved must continue at work pending an investigation and adjustment until a final decision is reached in the manner above set forth.

In order to render this form of arbitration effective, it is provided in the contract that if any day men refuse to continue work because of a grievance which has not as yet been taken for adjustment, and if such action seems likely to impede the operation of the mine, then it will be the duty of the pit committee immediately to furnish men to take the vacant places at the scale rate, and it will be the duty of all members of the United Mine Workers to fill such positions so appointed by the pit committee. The value of this provision is evident. It insures the operator against unwarranted action of local bodies; but it is interesting to note in this connection that such provision is secured only by the recognition of the National body and by the consequent ability of the National, or in this case the district, organization to override an arbitrary refusal to work on the part of the local organization, or on that of individuals. Furthermore, the Constitution of the National organization provides that any member acting in such a manner as to hamper this process of settlement will be fined ten dollars for the first offense, and upon persistence therein will be expelled from the organization.

Petty strikes are thus unavoidable unless there is some working agreement with the men. It must not be forgotten that even before 1902 strikes were of frequent occurrence, and they will continue to occur after 1902 in the event of the annihilation of the union. The operators refuse to make a trade agreement because they claim that the men are not to be trusted; but this reply is neither correct nor pertinent. There is no conclusive proof that the miners are untrustworthy, nor is there anything in the call for a National convention to indicate that they intend breaking contracts. There are many other methods of obtaining their desires, such as by a diversion of soft coal from the East by means of an amicable arrangement with the operators, etc., and there seems no reason to believe from the past action of the men that they contemplate any measure contrary to the letter or spirit of their written agreements.

On the contrary, trade agreements have in almost all cases been inviolably maintained; but it is not even necessary at the present time to make a binding trade agreement. It would be possible to post mutually satisfactory rates and conditions, as was practically done in 1900, without involving the operators in any legal obligation, while providing at the same time for a series of tribunals similar to those in the soft-coal fields. Such an arrangement would be based upon a real if not formal recognition of the union, which would agree to keep the men at work during the pendency of settlement. The result would be the avoidance of many small strikes, a moderation of many petty abuses, and the eventual withdrawal of all matters of dispute from the excited local operators to the more dispassionate judgment of the higher authorities on both sides. Breaker boys who went off to the circus without warning or permission would be fined, and perhaps even expelled from the union, and insolence towards the boss would likewise be punished. On the other hand, hundreds of acts of tyranny that are now endured in sullen silence or result in small, ineffectual strikes would come before the calm and fair-minded joint tribunal. The result would be that joint rules would be agreed upon that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would give both sides a greater feeling of security. In each case the question would involve, not a mere local strike of a few hundred men, but the effectual calling out of the whole army of 150,000 men, or an equally complete lockout by the employers. The greatest safeguard of peace is the fear of war; and where antagonists who mutually respect each other can confer together, an amicable settlement is almost invariably the result.

The establishment of such tribunals would give to all operators a greater feeling of security. There is much poverty and much hardship in the mine worker's life, but what is more galling than all is the constant liability to many small acts of tyranny which may be committed with impunity. The remedy for this condition is in the hands of the operators, and they may apply it to their own as well as to the miners' benefit.

# Makers of the Kingdom

## A Sermon by Lyman Abbott

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matthew vi., 33.

CHRIST came to this world, not to do his own will, but the will of the Father who had sent him. He understood that will to be the establishment of a new kingdom on the earth. He sometimes called that kingdom the kingdom of God, because its central principle is loyalty to God; he sometimes called it the kingdom of heaven, because it is the kingdom of ordered love which prevails in heaven; and while he was on the earth he still lived in this kingdom of God or this kingdom of heaven, and proclaimed this kingdom of God or kingdom of heaven to men. He was at work in the world only about three years, and that was not time enough to establish such a kingdom, to work such a revolution, to substitute hope in the hearts of men for dull despair, and love for selfishness, and faith for sensuousness; indeed, he said, more than once, that this kingdom of God or of heaven could not be made, but must grow; it could not be manufactured, but must be cultivated. He called, while he still lived, a few men about him to be his followers; that is, to unite with him in establishing and maintaining this kingdom of ordered love, this kingdom of heaven, this kingdom whose central principle is loyalty to God, and when he died he left it as a heritage to them and those who should follow after him, to all those who had the vision to see the beauty of such a kingdom, the desire to accomplish it and the heroism to undertake its accomplishment.

And in this Sermon on the Mount he guarded them against the danger of trying to do two things at once. Do not, he said, imagine that you can build up this kingdom by taking a part of your time or giving to it a part of your energy. Make it the first thing. Do not make the first thing even getting the necessaries of life; make it the first object of your life rather to build up and maintain this kingdom, as I have made it the first object of my life, and leave the other things to follow.

But when the minister addresses such a congregation as this and urges this high ideal upon them, they answer to themselves (if they do not answer to him), This is quite impracticable. You can give yourself wholly to building up and maintaining the kingdom of God, and for that very reason we give you a salary and provide for your needs; you do not need to to worry about your clothes or your shelter or your food, because we are taking care of those things for you. But what shall I do, says the merchant, who have my store to keep, when you come to me tomorrow morning to get a suit of clothes and you find it closed, while I have gone off to look after the Gospel? How would you like that? What shall I do, says the mother, who have my children to care for, if I go off to a nunnery and enter a sisterhood and give myself up to building and maintaining the kingdom of God on the earth? Who shall take care of my children? What shall I do, says the doctor, who have my patients to attend to, if I leave them to sicken and die while I give myself to building up and maintaining the kingdom of God upon the earth? These are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very practical questions, and the questioners are quite right. You are not to leave your various vocations in order to give yourselves to the work of building up and maintaining the kingdom of God.

What is this kingdom of God—this kingdom whose central principle is loyalty to God? What does it include? Is it something apart from us? Has it a territory of its own and a time of its own and a character of its own that distinguish it from the common life? Not at all. The kingdom of God is to be a kingdom of God on the earth made out of human materials; it is to be a kingdom of the present society transformed by a new spirit. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ—this is the declaration. Let me read you what one of the earlier Hebrew prophets says about it:

> In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts: and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.

You have been in London, that great, crowded, crushing city, with the whir and the buzz and the noise of its streets in your ears, and out of that crowded thoroughfare, out of the halls of Westminster where political strife is going on, you have slipped into Westminster Abbey, you have sat down there among the ashes of the noble dead and with the splendid monuments which have been reared to their memory, you have heard the music which seems to drip out of the very ceiling and ooze out of the very walls, and you have said, This is holy ground; I am in the kingdom of heaven for this short hour. Zechariah had a different vision. He did not think there would be some splendid cathedral, some noble abbey, into which men may retreat from the bustle and stir of life. The holiness that drips from the ceiling and oozes from the wall, the holiness that is seen in the golden and silver implements on the altar, the holiness that shines in the white robes of the vested choir, the holiness that is spoken in the words of the priest—this holiness shall also sound in the very tinkling bells of the dray-horses, in the very rattle of the cabs, in the very cry of the omnibus-drivers, and in the very pots and kettles of the houses.

All things are to be brought into the kingdom of God. Not only all things, all thoughts. Says Paul: "Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Ministers' thoughts? Yes. Sunday-school teachers' thoughts? Yes. Thoughts of the woman in the sisterhood; thoughts of the merchant in the store; thoughts of the lawyer in the court-room; thoughts of the soldier in the camp; thoughts of the statesman in the closet; thoughts of the doctor at the sick-bed; thoughts of the mother in the sick-room—all, all building up the kingdom of God. If this is not possible, then Christ is wrong. If the mother must leave her children, or the merchant his store, or the lawyer his clients, or the doctor his patients, in order to help build up and maintain the kingdom of God, then it is impracticable, and Christ was wrong and Paul was wrong and the prophets were wrong.

What is necessary that should be done to make the kingdom of God on the earth? What sort of men and women must there be, and what should these men and women be doing? Let us see. There must be some men who will be the heralds of this kingdom of God; there must be some who will go to men and tell them about it; there must be some who will go to men who have erred, strayed, apathetic and indifferent men, and rouse them to see; there must be some who will give themselves, going from place to place and from man to man, and saying to them, There is something better than the kingdom of selfishness, there is a kingdom of love, a kingdom of God on the earth. There must be heralds of the kingdom. There must be warriors for this kingdom. There are forces in operation to overcome it and to beat it down. There were in Christ's time as there are in our time. The same interests that undertook to destroy Christ are still trying to destroy Christian truth and Christian life. Unselfishness cannot lift itself up and make itself aggressive without fighting selfishness. Love itself is the enemy of all forms of unloveliness, and there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be warriors who stand to battle for the freedom of man, for the right of man, for the right of man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, for the liberty of man to walk untrammeled of human law save as human law be necessary to keep him from doing wrong to his neighbor. There must be in the time of the Reformation a Luther, in the time of war a Cromwell and a William the Silent. There must be warriors in our own time, when corruption threatens to undermine the State, just as there had to be warriors for the Union when open war threatened to destroy it. There must be warriors to fight for the kingdom of God. There must be teachers. There must be men whose business it shall be to understand what the principles of the kingdom of God are and how those principles are to be applied to daily life, and to all the varied problems of daily life, and who must give themselves in singleness of purpose to the one work of teaching; and if the teacher undertakes to do the work of the warrior or undertakes to do the work of the evangelist, he makes a mistake. For the most part, the teacher must be a teacher and the herald must be a herald. There must be workers in this kingdom, executive and administrative men; as there must be men who are teaching truth, so there must be also men who are incorporating that truth into church action, into organic life.

But is this all? Heralds to proclaim it, teachers to instruct in it, warriors to fight for it, workers to administer it—is this all? There is something a great deal more important than all they are; it is the kingdom itself. Of what avail to go heralding, saying there is a kingdom of God, if there is not any kingdom? Of what avail to teach the principles of the kingdom if nowhere those principles are manifested? Of what avail to fight for the kingdom if almost always the kingdom itself does not exist? The most important thing, the vital and essential thing, is the existence of the kingdom itself. And this is to be a kingdom of all things and a kingdom of all thoughts. It is a kingdom of God in business, in the family, in politics, in society. And then the herald can say, Behold, there is a kingdom, come and join it; and then the teacher can say, Behold, there is a kingdom, these are the principles of it; then the warrior can say, There is a kingdom worth fighting for, and I put on my armor and die if need be for it. What is necessary to make patriotic Americans? There must be ambassadors to represent America at foreign courts, and perhaps immigration agents to tell Italians and Poles and Hungarians that there is a land of freedom across the sea to which they may come; there must be teachers in our public schools to tell the children what is the history of America and what are its principles, to unfurl its flag before them and to inspire loyalty in their hearts; there must be soldiers to put on the sword and shoulder the musket when America is threatened by foreign foe or by domestic treason; there must be statesmen to incorporate into the laws of the Nation the principles of America, the prinicples of liberty and justice and equality, the principles that are on the whole incorporated in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. There must be all these, but is this all? No, far more important than ambassador or agent, than teacher or warrior, is America itself. The mother who is making a wholesome American home; the railroad president who is pushing a railroad across the continent and with steel bars is binding State to State; the preacher who is not preaching politics, and yet is preaching such principles of righteousness as, applied to public affairs, are elevating steadily the conscience and the moral sense of the Nation; the merchant who is seeking to advance American trade by all legitimate and noble methods—are not these also making America? and of what avail the immigrant runner, or the public-school teacher, or the warrior, if there are not in the homes, in the counting-rooms, in the business offices, in all the land, a thousand patriotic Americans who are making America to one who is talking about it? To seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness is not to drop everything and go after what is called the conversion of souls. There are men who must drop everything else and give themselves to bringing men into the kingdom; as there are men who must bring their executive ability to bear to build up the kingdom in all its organic machinery;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but far more important than these, all combined, are those who are making the kingdom by living in it.

It is mine to talk about the kingdom, it is yours to live the kingdom. Paul has defined the kingdom. He says it is not meat and drink, it is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit; that is, in holiness of spirit made holy by communion with the Spirit of God. It is righteousness—walking in right paths; it is peace—an end to the furrowed brow and the careworn cheek and the hurried, worried, vexed, and irritated spirit; and joy—what kind of joy?—the joy of those beatitudes, Blessed are the meek, blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the pure in heart, blessed are the persecuted for righteousness' sake—the joy of holiness of spirit.

It is a great thing to be permitted every Sunday morning to stand up and talk about this kingdom, to talk about righteousness, to talk about peace, and to talk about blessedness that comes through holiness; it is a great thing to be permitted to go out into the outside world and tell men who have never heard of it, and men apathetic and indifferent, of the glory of entering into the kingdom; it is a great thing in time of danger to stand steadfast as a sentinel guarding this kingdom from attack; it is a great thing to work with steady hand and patient purpose in the upbuilding of all the organic machinery necessary to carry on this kingdom: but it is far more to walk in right paths, to possess the peaceful spirit, and to be radiant with the joy of holiness.

I imagine you filing before me, one after another, as this sermon is ended, and saying to me, What shall I do? I will tell you; the text I would read to answer your question is this:

Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise. Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do? And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you. And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

I imagine you coming before me and one after another saying, What shall I do: I want to seek first the kingdom of God? One says, I am a lawyer, what shall I do? I say, Go back to your office and carry on your administration of law so as to make justice regnant in the community. And another says, I am a merchant, what shall I do? and I say, Go back and write holiness on the bells of your horses; remember that your clerks are your brother men and treat them as brethren. Another comes and says, I am a manufacturer, what shall I do? and I say to him, Treat the workmen that are in your employ as your brother-men, and ask yourself not the question, What is the least I can possibly give them and the most that I can get out of them? but, What is fair and right and reasonable and just as between man and man, what would I have them do to me if they were employers and I workman? And the mother says, I have my little children, what shall I do? and I say, Love your little children and teach your little children to love one another, and walk your own way toward God, and lead them by your hand toward God. Do not leave your children in order to seek first the kingdom of God; do not leave your store, or your office, or your place wherever it is in order to seek first the kingdom of God—the kingdom of God is around you, just where you are.

The first thing, therefore, for you to do, whoever you are, is to find out whether you are in this kingdom or not. Some men are born into it, and some enter it by unrealized process. Some men are born so that they never know how they entered it, have always lived in the kingdom of the unselfish, in the kingdom of love, in the kingdom of God, and then think they are not in it because they do not know how they got in; and others live without as foreigners, and one day wake up to the fact that they are in a splendid kingdom and entered through the door—remember the very day when they took their oath of allegiance. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not matter. Are you in God's kingdom? It is well sometimes to put the question to ourselves, What are we here for, and what are we doing with ourselves? Are you living for yourself, self-centered?—then you are in the kingdom of selfishness. Are you living, on the whole, to make other people happy?—then you are living in what I call the kingdom of good nature. Are you living to make the world better?—then you are living in the world of philanthropy. Are you seeking to do Christ's work in Christ's way?—then you are in the kingdom of Christ. It cannot be very difficult for you to find out. It is not a question what you did; it is not a question whether you were baptized; it is not a question whether you belong to a church; it is the question whether you are seeking the welfare of your fellow-men wherever you are, and in all your avocations under the inspiration and the leadership of Christ as your Master.

If you are, then you are in the kingdom of Christ. It is a splendid life and a splendid Master to follow. There are some who hear the voice and yet do not see the form; there are some who follow Christ and think they follow duty; and some who follow Christ and think they follow philanthropy: they are not the happiest; but I do not see how any man who believes that Jesus Christ came into the world to make a kingdom of God on earth, who believes that through all these centuries he has been making a kingdom of God on the earth, that through all these centuries by gradual processes he has been substituting unselfishness for selfishness, and hope for dull despair, and faith for sensuousness, and that he can himself, right where he is, do something to help make this kingdom by himself being a part of the kingdom—I do not see how he can help living with joy in his heart and radiance on his face. Seek first this kingdom; seek it in your lives; seek it where you are.

Elevate our aspiration, purify our desires, cleanse our vision, and strengthen our heart, that we may see clearly, desire strenuously, stand bravely for Thee and Thy work on the earth. Amen.

# The North River Ferry

By William Frederick Dix

Grim and gray the city's buildings
  Rise against the sun-flushed sky—
Silhouettes with sightless windows
  Towering twenty stories high.
They are waiting for the workers
  Who, their eager eyes aglow
With the sunlight streaming toward them,
  Throng the ferryboats that go
Swiftly 'cross the sparkling river
  Toward the smoke-rimmed, morning sun;
Toil-bound men and women chafing
  For the day's wage to be won.

Back across the leaden waters
  Ply the boats toward western skies,
And their crowds of wearied workers
  Stand with dull and listless eyes;
All the light that gleamed there faded,
  Spent within those city towers,
Where Trade draws her ceaseless tribute
  Through the day's tense working hours.
Brilliant now the myriad windows,
  Blazing with the setting sun,
In the evening stand the buildings,
  When the long day's work is done.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Some Recent Stories

AMONG the few novels of the season which have any claim upon the lover of good work, Mr. Owen Wister's "The Virginian," bearing the imprint of the Macmillan Company, holds a first place. It is a story which adds to the record of life in this country by reason of its reality, its close observation, and its entire veracity. The cowboy has haunted the theater in cheap plays and the newspapers in reminiscent tales of his prowess these many years; he has appeared with some semblance of life in short stories; but Mr. Wister is the first man of letters who has dealt with him honestly, simply, and with the sense of proportion and restraint of an artist. A vigorous writer, a first-hand student of life on the plains and the ranch, Mr. Wister has approached the cowboy as a type of elemental man, fashioned on a large scale by conditions which kept conventional qualities in the background and evoked the primal instincts and passions. These conditions, which created the cowboy and which explain him, Mr. Wister knows at first hand. He has given his chief character the interpretation of a vast country, unbroken by individual holdings, made great horizons visible to his reader, brought into the imagination the solitude and savage wildness of mountain ranches with unbroken reaches of crystalline sky over them, and has breathed into his tale the energy, the primitive force, the instinctive assertion of natural rights, which give the life of the frontier virility, audacity, and the interest which accompanies the play of human character largely untrammeled by custom and law. The Virginian is not, like his predecessors, a melodramatic hero; he is a real man of large mold with a touch of the heroic; a successor of the men who pushed forward the old frontier, penetrated the solitudes of the great West, fought on both sides in the Civil War, took to the free life on the plains at its close, and have now vanished to appear no more. There is no veneering of this cowboy; no easy polishing of his wildness; there is, rather, a clear, clean record of his life in its courage, its wild humor, its rough vigor, and its manliness. No such story has been written before, and the tale will not be retold. In clear, vigorous, sympathetic style, Mr. Wister has drawn a type of distinctively American manhood and made an epic of free life as Gogol made an epic of old Cossack life in "Taras Bulba;" he has written a first-hand book in a time which is largely given over to books of imitation; he has brought the cowboy into literature.

Nothing could be further removed from this story of action in the West of fifteen years ago than Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey's "The Love Story of Abner Stone," published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.: an unpretentious venture, slight in bulk, devoid of dramatic interest, with faults of immaturity in its structure, but full of delicacy, refinement, old-fashioned simplicity and sweetness. It is a romance of the simplest sort; a study of a middle-aged book-lover, who seeks deeper seclusion and repose in the Blue Grass Region and finds the brief and tender romance of an uneventful life. The charm of the tale is its fresh feeling for nature, its atmospheric quality, and that touch of idealism which gives life unfailing romance for all who have heart and imagination. Such a piece of naïve and tender writing brings the breath of nature into an art in which too many practitioners are relying upon mechanical skill, on hard finish, on cold observation, on hasty assimilation of the form and fashion of earlier periods, and trusting too little to the undying interest of the simple story of the heart.

It is not far from the Blue Grass to the Pennyroyal Region, and the transition from "The Love Story of Abner Stone" to "Oldfield" is not abrupt. Both use the rich Kentucky landscape as a background, and both have an idyllic quality, but Mrs. Banks's novel is more mature in structure and much more dramatic. The plot is very simple, but the tale has distinct narrative interest; its charm is largely atmospheric, but it is not lacking in power of characterization. It is unfair, as a rule, to couple one book with another, because it conveys the impression of imitation. There is no imitation in "Oldfield," and



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the memory of "Cranford" which recurs to the reader of the later story is due to the fact that both are stories of quiet village life and deal to a considerable extent with people of the same quality. "Oldfield," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, is a record of Kentucky gentlefolks in a remote village, in the generation after its settlement by veterans of the Revolutionary War. Against a background of rustic simplicity of living, the old-fashioned courtesy and refinement of the best Virginia traditions are charmingly described and illustrated. The ripe beauty of the country envelops the story and enfolds the reader. It is sometimes a little too much in evidence, but it is restful and full of the enchantment of fields rich in flowers as well as in harvests of a more material kind, and of a sky which the mocking-bird loves. The gentle maiden lady who is the central figure in the tale is drawn with a skill born of love and the most delicate insight, and is a distinct addition to the significant types in American fiction. Sidney and Mrs. Gordon are sketched with a vigorous freedom which is strikingly successful in giving them vitality and human interest. In spite of occasional redundancy and carelessness, the style is an admirable interpretation of the scenery and atmosphere of a story which is likely to survive the brief season in which it has taken a place among the few real books.

Of an entirely different character is Dr. Thomas A. Dixon's "Leopard's Spots," published by Messrs. Doubleday & Page—a rough charcoal sketch, full of rude force, but defective in shading, discrimination, and insight into the deeper issues of the problem it presents in dramatic form. It is a picture of war times in North Carolina, of the reconstruction period, and of the later phases of the race problem. It is a statement of that problem in its lowest terms, and it is important by reason of its vigorous presentation of the misery of the reconstruction period and by reason of the forcible way in which it states a side of the race problem which many Northern people do not take into account. It is idle to ignore the intensity of the race antagonism, and Dr. Dixon presents it with bold and relentless energy. But no problem is ever really stated which is presented in its lowest terms; in this story both races are at their worst; the one lustful, rapacious, brutal, hopelessly degraded, the other full of hate born of fear and of the spirit of violence born of lack of spiritual insight. The story is unjust to both races. It shows nowhere a sign of the deeper insight of Armstrong, of Booker Washington, of Governor Aycock, and of the group of Southern statesmen and teachers who have brought to the problem the vision which comes from faith in God and his creatures. The alternative which the story passionately affirms must be accepted by this country—white or mulatto domination—and the solution which it seems to suggest—expatriation or extermination—are alike impossible in a Christian civilization in the twentieth century. The story throws no light on a terrible problem; it only adds the heat of slowly dying fires.

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's "Kindred of the Wild," which bears the imprint of Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., is a contribution to the new variety of animal story which is one of the results of the modern feeling for nature. The interpretation of animal life in terms of human experience is as old as Æsop, but it rests, in its modern form, on sympathy with the animal rather than on arbitrary moralization, and it has been immensely freshened by a far deeper intimacy with the life which it describes. Mr. Roberts is of opinion that Mr. Thompson-Seton has gone a step beyond Mr. Kipling. The "Jungle Book" remains, however, the one work of genius which this new kind of literature possesses. Mr. Thompson-Seton has written delightfully of wild life, and has developed a psychology of that life which is fascinating, although one may suspect that it is too deeply tinctured with human experience. Mr. Roberts excels in charm of description, in the ability to bring the atmosphere of landscape into his sketches, in the impressionist's feeling for the mystery of the woods and the loneliness of the wintry night. He knows his animals at first hand, with an intimacy acquired in childhood and youth, and his psychology is suggested rather than formulated, and does not awaken the skeptical spirit in the reader. There is in each story a touch of human interest, but the wild creature is in every case the real protago-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nist and holds the central place. The stories are full of that out-of-door charm which never fails Mr. Roberts when he describes landscape.

Mrs. Atherton's study of the life and character of Alexander Hamilton is difficult to criticise either as fiction or biography. If one finds faults with the accuracy of the biographical statements, the author may reasonably claim that she has exercised the license of a fiction-writer; if one criticises the imaginative art of the story, it may be said with equal truth that the book does not follow the ordinary lines of historical fiction. With many salient faults of style and manner, the author of "The Conqueror" does distinctly succeed in giving her hero strength, dignity, and force. Hamilton's greatness is indisputable, and Mrs. Atherton has done a service to his memory and achievements by humanizing him, so to speak—making him real, vivid, and clear to the mind. Hamilton's career as a financier, his connection with the United States Bank question, his writing of the Federalist papers and much else of essential importance to the country, might seem unpromising material for a writer of fiction, but Mrs. Atherton so glows with enthusiasm for her subject that even the careless fiction-devourer will be tempted and even forced not to skip. One wishes that the author's partisanship for Hamilton had made her a little more judicial in depicting Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and one hopes that the reader who has become interested in Hamilton will be led to study the period in other and less florid books. But, allowing for the necessities of imaginative treatment and forgiving an occasional curiously involved sentence or bit of over-writing, the book has merit of a positive order and is deserving of the undoubtedly great popular success it has won in what is really a new field. It ought to be added that in this, as in some of her earlier books, Mrs. Atherton shows a curious moral indifference to the tremendous significance of sex relations. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

# The History of the World[1]

THE work of which these two volumes, to be followed by six others, is the first installment is a noteworthy and noble undertaking, under the auspices of the Bibliographical Institute of Leipsic and Vienna. The newly quickened feeling of the unity of mankind, due in no small measure to the virtual contraction of the world as the electric wire has brought into daily touch with one another the most widely separated communities, gives timeliness to the new undertaking of a Universal History. New it is, not as previously unattempted, but as informed by a new principle and with a new comprehensiveness. The larger humanity of our time regards nothing that is human as of no interest. The lowest races represent to us the early stages of our own past. In the relics of the cave-dwellers in the glacial and interglacial periods are found the rude beginnings of our arts. Small things and feeble folk are thus of consequence in a history whose scope includes all human races and tribes, and brings them so into connection as to display their record as an organic whole. Such is the great undertaking of the present work, to exhibit a picture of human development as seen by the light of modern knowledge.

The plan of the work is essentially geographical, not chronological or political, regarding the physical environment of peoples as the controlling factor in their history. Furthermore, as it is a history, not a philosophy of history, it undertakes to record facts, in a purely objective view, not to exhibit the tendencies and ends of historical movements, as subjectively viewed by the historian. In other words, the exhibition of teleological judgments has no part in the plan.

In the several sections of the work that are to follow, the second volume is devoted to Oceania, Eastern Asia, and the Indian Ocean; the third, to Western

[1] *The History of the World: A Survey of Man's Record.* Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt, with an Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L. Complete in Eight Volumes. Volume I. Pre-History—America, and the Pacific Ocean. Volume IV. The Mediterranean Countries. With Plates and Maps. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asia and Africa; the fifth, to Southeastern Europe and the Slavs; the sixth, to the Germans and Romans; the seventh, to Western Europe until 1800; the eighth, to Western Europe in the nineteenth century, and the Atlantic Ocean. The historical significance here indicated of the oceans that at once divide and connect mankind will be recognized as an entirely new feature in a history of the world. The work thus outlined, edited by Dr. Helmolt, is distributed among thirty-two learned collaborators, of whom the one perhaps best known to us is the distinguished anthropologist, Friedrich Ratzel. The only English name among the contributors to this volume and the series is that of Mr. Bryce, so favorably known to us by his classic work, "The American Commonwealth," whose elaborate and illuminating Introduction is as valuable as any other portion following.

Emphasizing the unity of history as a fundamental idea of higher importance than the conventional and often misleading distinctions of ancient, mediæval, and modern, Mr. Bryce points to the processes in recognizing which that unity becomes more apparent in the connected experience of mankind as a whole. One is in the steady increase of human mastery of Nature. Another is in the accumulation from age to age of power, knowledge, culture. A third is in the contraction of the world—that is, of the space and time that separate men from men. "Nature, that is, the natural tendencies of man as a social being," made the first effort toward the unification of man culminate in the period of the Græco-Roman civilization. The second effort, beginning in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, entered its modern phase in the fifteenth century, and is now in the stage of apparently irresistible advance. But of the goal Mr. Bryce forbears to prophesy. "Whoever examines the predictions made by the most observant and profound thinkers of the past will see reason to distrust almost all the predictions, especially those of a positive order, which shape themselves in our minds to-day."

Following brief expositions of the idea, the subject matter, and the first principles of a history of human development, Professor Ratzel contributes a section on "Man as a Life Phenomenon on the Earth," and Professor Johannes Ranke another on "Prehistoric Times." Popularly supposed, as these are, to have no history, the researches of palæontology have placed us in assured possession of a history, undated indeed, of the obscure beginnings of civilization in the Old Stone Age and the New Stone Age, when European tribes wandered on the edge of advancing and receding glaciers. But much the larger portion of the volume is devoted to America, whose primitive races, ancient civilizations, conquest and settlement by Europeans, conflicts for independence, and modern States, are treated with remarkable fullness by Professor Konrad Haebler. To the United States alone, including the colonial and national periods, nearly a hundred pages, about one-sixth of the volume, are devoted.

German scholars are by general consent accorded eminence in knowledge both encyclopædic and accurate, with the single exception of American affairs. The English and American editions of this History, which is published simultaneously in England, Germany, and the United States, have had the benefit of expert advice "in the rejection here and there of sections which did not seem quite adequate from the point of view of its new [non-German?] circle of readers." It is to be wished that similar expert assistance had been employed for the correction of a variety of small errors in American history, into which the best read and most careful German scholar attempting to handle an immense number of details must inevitably fall. The revision of this portion of the work by a competent American scholar would have eliminated the blemishes of this sort, and may yet do so in a future edition. As specimens of these may be mentioned the common mistake of confounding the more tolerant Pilgrims of Plymouth with the less tolerant Puritans of Boston; the statements that after the burning of Washington in 1814 "the Union government was broken up and had almost ceased to exist;" that "few voices ventured to protest" against our war with Mexico; that foreign immigrants "imparted the leaven which by its fermentation produced the Republican party;" that "the fleet conveying the northern army under McClellan to the James river" was encountered by the rebel ironclad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Merrimac." These and a few other such slips are, under the circumstances, venial, and detract little from the praise which Professor Haebler's judicious and appreciative treatment of American history deserves.

The concluding section of the volume, by Count Wilczek, exhibits "the Historical Significance of the Pacific Ocean," as a theater of the migrations and the commingling of races. Here future history will recognize the Great Mediterranean, the antitype of the smaller sea that lapped the coasts of ancient civilization.

It is a high ideal which the projectors of this work have formed. The resources of modern acquisition both enrich their opportunity and enhance the difficulty of their task. The task, beset with inevitable limitations, is one that interests the civilized world. Its profitableness is not in mere completeness of information, for the whole of history cannot be fully mastered, but rather more in strengthening the feeling of human solidarity, and a true thought of one's own segment as an essential component of the vital whole.

The fourth volume (the second in order of publication) well sustains the promise of its predecessor. Though not a philosophy of history, but an encyclopædic history, the philosophic spirit which dominates the conception and plan is conspicuous in the view taken of the diverse stocks that peopled the basin of the Mediterranean as fused into the unity of "a Mediterranean race." The creation and development among these of "the Mediterranean spirit," through the influence of the great sea as a common environment, appropriately forms the first section of the volume. It should not escape notice that an ancient hint of the idea here worked out is given in the tenth chapter of Genesis in its catalogue of nations, which includes the Mediterranean peoples only.

Following the dawn from east to west, first on the southern coastline and then on the northern, the ancient nations of the Black Sea and on the eastern Mediterranean come first into view; then, in succession, those of North Africa, of Greece, and the primitive races of the Apennine peninsula, then Italy and the Roman world-empire, and lastly the Pyrenæan peninsula. As in this last, the account of which extends from prehistoric times to the fall of Spain's colonial empire in 1898, so in all that precedes, the history begins with the beginning, and follows the development of barbarism into civilization. The Mediterranean is characterized as "the great receiver, in which the motley mixture of nations ferments, and in the end is purified into more perfect forms." The diverse elements contributed by Phœnicians, Israelites, Greeks, Romans, and the cosmopolitan ethics of Christianity, "engender 'the Mediterranean spirit,' characterized by the strong desire for perfection, for wisdom and prosperity, for a better and more beautiful existence based on an ever-broadening social foundation," and finding "its purest expression in the Renaissance."

The rise and spread of Christianity forms a distinct section, intercalated in these histories of the nations as a non-national but potent contributor to "the Mediterranean spirit." It is admirably sketched in the luminously condensed and comprehensive form which appears throughout the whole volume. In the digestion of the immense amount of material, including the critical work done by numerous specialists, it must be that many points of detail in the finished presentation remain open to challenge, and perhaps to revision. Were the Achæans the builders of Mycenæ, as here stated, or its conquerors, as Professor Ridgeway thinks he has proved? Did the Emperor Tiberius really go "mad," or is that merely one of the calumnies circulated by his enemies? More certain it is that the United States should not be represented as taking the Philippines as a war "indemnity," with no mention of the *solatium* of $20,000,000 received by Spain. One may note incompleteness in an account of the Mediterranean countries in which some omissions are conspicuous. This, however, is due to the appearance of the fourth volume before the third, devoted to the history of Western Asia and Africa, as the threshold of the westward scene.

It remains only to add that it is intended to complete the publication of the eight volumes of this work within a twelvemonth from now. Each volume is to be illustrated, as is the present, with colored plates and maps, and supplements in black and white.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Earth's Beginning[1]

UPON the solid foundation of carefully observed facts and their interpretation, geologists have built up a history of the earth which carries us back through a vast stretch of time to the first appearance of living creatures upon its surface. So long as the rocks contain fossils, time-periods can be ranged in order with great accuracy, and often some idea of the length of the intervals in terms of our ordinary units may be gained.

Of earlier age than the oldest fossiliferous rocks are still others barren of the remains of life, yet showing by their characters that they are sands or muds or lavas. And still back of these comes the period for whose interpretation geology and astronomy combine, and whose history must be built up on the basis of analogy from evidences obtained by a study of the heavens. Despite its elusive character, neither astronomer nor geologist is content to leave the problem untouched, and by the efforts of both, and by the aid of the mathematicians, a fairly satisfactory outline of the remote origin of the earth and of the entire solar system has been elaborated.

Some years ago, M. Stanislas Meunier, a distinguished French geologist, went so far as even to write a book on "Comparative Geology" in which he contrasted what is known of the geology of the earth with that of the other members of the solar system and with the more remote heavenly bodies. He thus sought to establish a separate and distinct branch of the science for this special portion of it. The book before us presents the problems of the development of the earth and of the remainder of the solar system from the parent fire-mist, which, in accordance with the nebular hypothesis, is believed to be the remotest conceivable beginning. Astronomy, geology, mechanics, physics, and chemistry are alike placed under contribution by the author, who has them all well at command. The subject-matter first took form in a series of lectures for young people, which were given under the auspices of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The lectures were then revised, somewhat elaborated, and developed into the present book.

Sir Robert passes in review all the forms of evidence which lead up to the completed, grand conception just referred to. This conception, the nebular hypothesis, is first stated, and its development in the minds of Kant, the philosopher, Laplace, the mathematician, and Herschel, the astronomer, is outlined. The hypothesis marks one of the notable achievements of the human intellect, and, having been first conceived on a basis largely speculative, it was subsequently worked out mathema tically and by observation of the heavens.

Sir Robert sets before us the members of the solar system and their orderly and stately relations. We grasp some idea of their sizes and relative distances, of their composition and form and satellites; of the parallelism that exists between one of them, our own earth, and the rest. We pass to the fixed stars, to constellations, star clusters, the Milky Way, and, most important of all in this connection, to the innumerable glowing nebulæ, irregular, discoid, or spiral, as they are now known to be. We note them in practically all stages required by the nebular hypothesis for the passage of a fire-mist to the solar system. The mechanics of their relative motions are simply outlined, and the general probabilities of the truth of their genesis from a nebula are set forth. And then the few apparently inharmonious facts are stated, and the effort is made to clear away the difficulties.

The significant facts of the earth's interior heat, of earthquakes and volcanoes, and of some other more purely geological considerations are not overlooked, and some of the passages upon Krakatoa have been much quoted in connection with the recent outbreaks in Martinique.

Sir Robert writes in a simple and graphic style which will appeal forcibly to the unmathematical and general reader. He has at command a wealth of illustration and comparison whereby to make dis-

[1] *The Earth's Beginning*. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, Astronomer Royal of Great Britain. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tances and masses, well-nigh inconceivably great, of significance to the ordinary mind. Now with a jest and anon with an incident he brightens up what would otherwise seem dry to the reader not familiar with the subject. The specialist might be inclined at times to take exception to this method of treatment and consider such excursions scarcely appropriate for the Astronomer Royal or for the subject, but no one who understands the needs and limitations of a popular audience as well as he does his astronomy and geology will fail to admit that in this respect Sir Robert shows great skill and tact in his treatment. And if in this way interest may be stimulated in these two inspiring branches of science, astronomy and geology, and if before the reader's eye may be marshaled the grand conceptions of celestial mechanics, the circle will be widened of those who find in the contemplation of them one of the great inspirations of life.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Analytical Key to Some of the Common Flowering Plants of the Rocky Mountain Region (An).** By Aven Nelson, A.M. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 94 pages. 45c., net.

**Belshazzar: A Tale of the Fall of Babylon.** By William Stearns Davis. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 426 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Davis has a historical imagination that is vivid and on the whole sound. He has given a picture of ancient Babylon that is plausible as well as picturesque. Incident follows incident; danger to the righteous and the innocent threatens catastrophe on every page. Mr. Davis is not sparing of his colors; and he furnishes a great number of thrills. Belshazzar the King, like Lewis Carroll's classic queen, is reckless of heads. Daniel the prophet is a very dignified figure. A young, brave, and attractive lover turns out to be a soldier-prophet whose summons to the Hebrews in captivity are recorded in the second part of the Book of Isaiah. The climax is reached with the handwriting on the wall of the palace of Belshazzar, and the taking of the city by Cyrus the Persian. Besides affording entertainment, the book will serve a useful purpose in making the days and the doings of antiquity seem real to readers who have not a very vivid historic imagination for themselves—and most of us, we might as well acknowledge it, are of that sort.

**Character Building.** By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 291 pages. $1.50, net.

Although this volume consists of addresses given on Sunday evenings, it lacks almost entirely all sign of religious impulse. Booker T. Washington here appears as the worldly-wise adviser, the Benjamin Franklin, of his race, without Franklin's epigrammatic style. Patience, thrift, industry, promptness, reliability, honesty, simplicity, perseverance, courage—these and like virtues are described and commended in easy, colloquial language. That much of these addresses seems commonplace and somewhat trite must be admitted; their freshness, their unconventionality, springs from the circumstances under which they were given; for they deal very frankly and sometimes bluntly with the special weaknesses of the negro race. The charm of Mr. Washington's style that pervades his "Up from Slavery" is in these addresses only intermittent, as when he uses a bit of narrative or appeals—in his address entitled "Sing the Old Songs," for instance—to wholesome emotional instincts. The justification for scant reference to religious motives and frequent appeal to self-interest may be found in the fact that negroes have not, as a rule, much control over religious feeling; but it seems as if it would have been philosophically sounder if Mr. Washington had recognized the existence of this feeling and had then directed it to the creation of sound moral character.

**College Algebra (A).** By G. A. Wentworth. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 330 pages.

A revised edition of a work already in use in a great number of our best schools and colleges.

**Destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique.** By J. Herbert Welch and H. E. Taylor. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. 50c.

**Daniel in the Critics' Den.** By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 186 pages. $1.25, net.

The author's contention is that the critics, in attributing the Book of Daniel to so late a date as the persecution of the Jews by Antiochus in the earlier half of the second century B.C., have given verdict in favor of the weaker side of the case. He considers the case quite similar to such as are daily decided in the courts, disparages expert testimony, and thinks that an ordinary judge with a good "special jury" would constitute a fitter tribunal for it than any company of eminent philologists. Such scholars as Driver, Cheyne, Sanday, Bevan, and Robertson Smith have not, in Sir Robert's view, "ever given proof of fitness for an inquiry so difficult and complex" as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book of Daniel presents. Nevertheless, he prosecutes the inquiry in this book under the conviction that the higher criticism "reeks of its evil origin in German infidelity."

**Eastern Question (The): A Study in Diplomacy.** By Stephen Pierce Hayden Duggan, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Vol. XIV., No. 3.) The Columbia University Press (Macmillan Co.), New York. 6×9½ in. 152 pages. $1.50.

**Folk-Tales of Napoleon: Napoleonder** (from the Russian). **The Napoleon of the People** (from the French of Honoré de Balzac). Translated by George Kennan. The Outlook Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 107 pages. $1, net (postage 10c.).

The term folk-tales is properly applied to these two translations, because it is in each case the distinct aim of the author to give what may be called the folk-lore conception of Napoleon's personality and character. The first story gives us the Russian peasant's view, the second the French peasant-soldier's view. Mr. Kennan tells in his introduction the way in which "Napoleonder" was put into literary form by Alexander Amphiteatrof. It is not only of real value as a specimen of Russian peasant folk-lore, but it has also a story-telling quality which is quite remarkable.

**Fragments.** By Hallett Abend. The Bulletin Printing House, Linneus, Mo. 5¾×8¼ in. 27 pages.

**Golf.** By William Garrott Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×7 in. 64 pages. 50c., net.

Reprinted from the "Atlantic Monthly." Mr. Brown turns from the archives of the Harvard Library and from political questions in the history of this country to extol the game of golf as a source of all life's virtues, a summoner to nature, a nourisher of the love of art, and a force in National life to be compared with trusts and empire. His style is engaging even to one who does not play the game. One of his own sentences might well be put on the title-page of his little book: "Ponder it; a cosmology unfolds."

**James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters.** By Richard Lovett, M.A. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 511 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Lake Counties (The).** By W. G. Collingwood. Illustrated. (Dent's County Guides. Rural England.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 392 pages. $1.50, net.

Naturally, this forms one of the most important as well as interesting volumes of the series called "Rural England." It will prove an admirable pocket companion for the host of American travelers who visit the English lakes. It not only contains carefully arranged itineraries, with all possible practical information, but each little journey is conducted with plenty of cheerful literary comment and gossip about the places and people seen in the trip, while there are special chapters relating to sport, natural history, mountaineering, boating, cycling, together with a copious gazetteer of the region treated.

**Mediæval and Modern History.** Part I. **The Middle Ages.** By Philip Van Ness Myers. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 454 pages.

Professor Myers's well-esteemed work on "Mediæval and Modern History," published some fifteen years since, has been revised and enlarged from one volume to two. The first half appears under the title of the volume now in hand, and embodies the latest positive results of historical research. A valuable feature of it is the references to sources and source material, and to secondary or modern works, which are appended to the successive chapters.

**Mistress Dorothy of Haddon Hall.** By Henry Hastings. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. $1.

**Mrs. Tree.** By Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 283 pages. 75c.

This is a light and pleasant little story by an author who in previous books has abundantly shown her power of touching the chords both of humor and pathos. Mrs. Tree will be remembered as the delightful old lady in "Geoffrey Strong," here older and livelier than ever.

**Mother Holda Stories.** By Edith A. Scott. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 150 pages. $1.25.

**Novels, Stories, and Sketches of F. Hopkinson Smith.** Vol. I. **Laguerre's and Well-Worn Roads.** Vol. VI. **Caleb West, Master Diver.** Illustrated. (Beacon Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in.

Reserved for later notice.

**One Before (The).** By Barry Pain. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 263 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Pain is one of the best known of English humorists who write in what may be roughly called the Jerome K. Jerome manner. This book is broadly comic. It is amusing enough, but one finds the entertainment pall a little before the tale is finished. The machinery of the story comes from the transfers of an Oriental ring which has the quality of making the wearer assume the character of the person who had last previously worn it.

**Past and Present of Japanese Commerce (The).** By Yetaro Kinosita, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Vol. XVI., No. 1.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 164 pages. $1.50.

**Problem of Metaphysics and the Meaning of Metaphysical Explanation (The): An Essay in Definitions.** By Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education. Vol. X., No. 1.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 130 pages. 75c., net.

**Religion, Agnosticism, and Education.** By J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago 4½×7 in. 285 pages. 80c., net.

This is a good and a strong book. The Protestant reader finds little in it to intimate that the writer is a Roman Catholic. Protestants have cause to agree with the writer in his criticism of the confining of clerical education "exclusively to the seminaries," as resulting in a lowering of intellectual and scientific culture. Bishop Spalding holds that theology is progressive, and must not be "content with presenting the old truths in the old way," but must advance with the general culture of the age. "If the Church is to live and prosper in the modern world, Catholics must not only have freedom to learn, but also freedom to teach." True, indeed; but how much freedom?—a question prompted by the painful experi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence of the late St. George Mivart. Bishop Spalding is, in a philosophic view, an idealist: "ideas are the ultimate realities." It seems rather incongruous with idealism to say that "human love is chiefly instinct, and requires the bodily presence of its object." This is animal, not human, love. It is here that Bishop Spalding is warped by the essentially low conception of marriage in which the Church of Rome still lingers: "In marriage the man and woman are little more than the instruments whereby the race is multiplied and preserved." The answer to his contention that "a state of perfect chastity, of virginity, has, from an ideal point of view at least, yet higher and holier worth," may be put in a recent phrase of Dr. A. J. Lyman's: "The higher life is in the higher use of the lower life." Nevertheless, the book is one which, at least for the mitigating of prejudices, one wishes might be widely read among Protestants. Bishop Spalding's thought is mainly in line with the best thought of our time.

**Ranson's Folly.** By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 345 pages. $1.50.

It is an acknowledged fact that, while publishers as a rule hold that volumes of short stories do not sell well, the collections of stories from the pen of Mr. Davis form a notable exception to this rule. The present book contains two tales which in length might perhaps be classed with the novelette. The most ingenious and exciting of these is that called "In a Fog"—a very cleverly put together series of imagined stories of crime, told in a London club-room with the specific object of keeping a Member of Parliament from going to his duties. Cleverest of all is the end of this attempt.

**Religion of the Teutons (The).** By P. D. Chantepie de la Saussaye, D.D. Translated from the Dutch by Bert J. Vos, Ph.D. (Handbooks on the History of Religions.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 504 pages.

Our interest in this subject is of comparatively recent origin. In religion and art, in literature and law, the influences that have molded us and other Teutonic peoples have come from Judea and Greece and Italy. What, then, is our Teutonic inheritance, apart from blood? Morally it is seen in a serious and strenuous type of character, and a sense of personal worth; religiously it still remains undefined. To this conclusion come the studies embodied in this elaborate work, whose survey extends down to the thousandth year of the Christian era. The material here presented is mainly mythological. Though none of it has been immortalized in art like the masterpieces of ancient Greece, it is in some aspects far richer, and invested with a peculiar charm. The author holds that Teutonic religion cannot rightly be regarded as on a level with that of India or Persia or Greece. Like the Teutonic tribes themselves, it lacked unity and uniform development, and the comparatively high type of Teutonic morality was mainly independent of its influence.

**Sonnets.** By Hallett Abend. The Bulletin Printing House, Linneus, Mo. 5¾×8¼ in. 31 pages.

**Told by the Death's Head.** By Maurus Jokái. Translated by S. E. Boggs. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5¼×8 in. 348 pages.

Out of the hundred novels written by the famous Hungarian story-teller, few, if any, can show more riotous imagination and fertility of invention than this, although very many contain character-study and narrative of a higher order. The tale is a combination of Baron Munchausen and the Arabian Nights, and mingles in a fantastic way conceivable adventures of a soldier of fortune in the Middle Ages with the doings of spirits, evil and good.

**Under Sunny Skies.** (Youth's Companion Series.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 138 pages. 25c.

**Unstable as Water.** By Mrs. J. H. Needell. F. Warne & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages.

**Village Work in India: Pen Pictures from a Missionary's Experience.** By Norman Russell. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 251 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Russell is a wise as well as earnest missionary, and regards the missionary problem from a modern as well as Christian point of view. His interesting sketches deepen respect for him and his work in a conviction of the service rendered to philanthropy. It is, indeed, a significant indication of the missionary's established reputation as a philanthropist that the native grooms of the cavalry and artillery regiments distinguish those of the soldiers who treat them kindly by the name of *padri-sahib* (*i. e.*, missionary) soldiers.

**World-Wide Evangelization: Addresses Delivered before the Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Toronto, February 26-March 2, 1902.** The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, 3 W. 29th St., New York. 6×9½ in. 691 pages. $1.50, net.

Among the conventions of missionary societies the quadrennial assemblies held by the Student Volunteer Movement rank foremost, both numerically and influentially. They represent an increasing interest in Christian missions on the part of the more highly educated classes of the community, whose molding power on public opinion is ultimately greatest. The numbers attracted to these assemblies grow remarkably from period to period, this year showing an attendance of nearly three thousand, three-fourths of whom were student delegates, with nearly two hundred and fifty presidents and members of faculties, representing in all four hundred and sixty-five institutions. It is noteworthy that a good many medical schools appear in the list. The addresses by men and women of note and wide experience which are comprised in this volume furnish abundant material for effective use in missionary meetings. Such use has been greatly facilitated by appendices, in which not only fruitful topics but illustrative paragraphs are referred to by page numbers, thus making a more serviceable volume than any other of its kind yet published. Orders for it, at $1.50 net, may be addressed to the Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Correspondence

### Andover Seminary

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Having read with interest and attention your editorial note in the issue of June 28 upon Andover Theological Seminary, I cannot help feeling that you have made a wrong diagnosis of the case. It is important for us all to know just what the matter with Andover really is. It is to be admitted that such men as Professors Tucker, Harris, Churchill, and Moore are not easily replaced. They were magnetic teachers who drew men. But the trustees have made wise selections in choosing Professors Day and Platner, who are both men of scholarship and ability to teach. The Seminary cannot hope to replace Professor Moore, but no doubt a useful teacher of the Old Testament can be found.

The question now arises, with all allowance for a weakened teaching force, Is the location of the Seminary responsible for the rest of the decline in popularity among students? Having spent the year 1900–1901 in Andover for post-graduate study, after seven years in the pastorate, I give my testimony in an emphatic No. With the present rapidity and cheapness of electric transportation in eastern Massachusetts, Andover is in immediate touch with half a dozen large cities, including Boston, Cambridge, and Lowell, representing the best types of American metropolitan, university, and industrial cities, with all phases of human life and thought in forms most easily studied. As a matter of fact, the students practically all spend their Saturdays and Sundays in varied forms of Christian work under competent direction in the large cities or institutions of eastern Massachusetts. Lawrence, Lowell, Boston, Providence, and the Concord Reformatory were places of regular work by the students in 1900–1901. An admirable series of lectures and addresses each year brings some twenty or more famous men before the students with their most thoughtful messages.

But there is one phase of the question rarely touched upon in a public way, which carries with it a larger measure of explanation of the present situation than all others combined. No asset is so valuable to a seminary as the confidence of the churches and pastors. The controversies of the past twenty years have cast a weight of suspicion upon Andover which has been hard to bear along with the other disadvantages arising from loss of teachers and shrinkage of funds. Andover has not been receiving money gifts, because wealthy laymen have felt the force of this suspicion. Students, as I personally know, have been kept away from Andover by the mere dread that its influence would destroy the fervor of their spiritual life. And in the air of religious New England—if not of other parts of America—has been a sort of subdued feeling that a young Andover graduate ought to be examined a little more closely and watched more narrowly for signs of "heresy" than one who had the more reliable stamp of Hartford or Yale upon him.

With reference to this suspicion, it is time to apply the rule of Christ, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Andover invites the world to scrutinize the work of her recent graduates. Let it look not at the "crank." He will be found among the alumni of any school. But let it read the whole list and see if the fruits of Andover teaching are not consecration, industry, intelligence, and power to proclaim the truth of God. It is also time to recognize the fact that for this country's theological thought Andover performed an inestimable service, by leading the way in the reconstruction of Biblical and religious thought which has become the basis of the present-day teaching of all our leading seminaries. If there were any substantial difference to-day between the trend of teaching in Andover, Hartford, and Yale, it would be competent for men who call themselves conservative to advise young men to go where they could avoid the supposed contamination of the so-called New Theology. But, as a matter of fact, the staffs of our New England theological schools have come to about the same point in their attitude towards the later phases of thought. Indeed, as at present constituted, I am inclined to



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think the Andover faculty slightly more conservative than that of either of the others, while Bangor mourns the loss of the most radical of New England Congregational scholars in Professor Paine.

It may be assumed, by those unacquainted with conditions at Andover, that the present shrinkage in students can be traced back in more than one direction to the unjust suspicion under which the "Orthodoxy" of Andover rests. Let me assure you that in the present emergency the religious press can best be of vital assistance to the alumni and faculty of Andover by imparting confidence in the general tone and temper of the teaching which young men receive there.

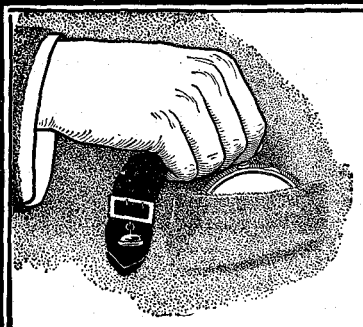
CHARLES F. ROBINSON.

Clinton, Conn.

## The Jacob A. Riis Fresh Air Home

New York has found fairer use for some of the islands that skirt her shores than the use which confronts the voyager up the Sound as he passes Ward's, Randall's, and Blackwell's Islands, with their unfortunates spilled outside the city gates. It is a charitable use, too—not the charity forced upon the State for its own protection, but the preventive charity which will enhance its own good. Twin Island, a part of the Pelham Park property, has been put at the disposal of the King's Daughters' Settlement for its fresh-air work, and is called the Jacob A. Riis Home. On the island, which covers but a few acres, stands a large house, built as a residence before the land was acquired by the city. Rumor has it that a certain political "boss," attracted by the wide fireplaces and halls of this baronial mansion, or by its location, conveniently aside for unobserved meetings to settle the affairs of his borough, desired it for a club-house. But when reform came to New York, the island was given to the children instead. They come with their mothers from the crowded East Side district in which the Settlement stands. This gives the mothers an outing as they sit and sew on the grassy bank overlooking a wide stretch of the Sound, the green hills of Long Island in the distance, and the white sails passing up and down, or watch the children playing on the grass and bathing in a sandy cove. True, even blessings have their drawbacks, for, as one woman commented, she "got tired of sittin'," explaining that at home she was on her feet from morning till night, and never had a chance to think of anything except how to get the next piece of work done. But the children, with their mothers at hand preventing the homesickness which sometimes befalls a small "fresh-air child," frolic among the rocks and trees and shrubbery of the island. "Come out of the sun," was called to a small damsel happily sliding down the stone balustrade. "I takes pleasure sitting in the sun," she answered, and a smaller sister beside her piped, "Me too." The water necessitates some watchfulness. At the cry of "He's fell in," there is scurrying to the rescue of some urchin who has suddenly learned that the water of the Sound is deeper and wetter than in the gutter where he has been used to wade. His mother leads him away for dry clothing, cheerfully remarking, "It's all right as long as he didn't get drowned." During the entire summer the house will be open; it can hold sixty, but the present funds of the Settlement do not enable it to take more than thirty guests at a time, which is a pity, since $1.50 a week provides for a child, $2.50 for a grown-up person, and $3.50 for a mother and her child. A week's vacation for some one who would not otherwise have it may thus be sent to Mr. Jacob A. Riis, 48 Henry Street, New York. As it is the first season of the Settlement's use of the house, the fittings are the simplest. Last week a dinner of clam chowder was planned, and had to be given up, as there were no soup-plates in which to serve it. But the great airy rooms, the space for indoor play in rainy weather, are a welcome change to tenement dwellers. The beauty of the place long remains a memory, and awakens qualities of thought and imagination in a child that stone-clad blocks and brick walls never reach. The next island adjoining the mainland holds the Holiday House of the "Little Mothers," overlooking an inlet from the Sound and a glade of tiger-lilies, also granted by the city, which is thus making a most practical and unique use of its park property. * *

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# A Watch Case Wears

at point of contact with the hand or pocket. A solid gold case wears thin and weak, and a cheap filled case wears shabby. A **Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Case** is guaranteed to wear for 25 years. It is made of two layers of solid gold with a layer of stiffening metal between, all welded together in one solid sheet. The outside gold will last a quarter of a century and the stiffening metal will keep the case strong as long as you wear it. This is why thousands wear the

# JAS. BOSS
## Stiffened GOLD Watch Case

in preference to a solid gold case. Ask your jeweler to show you a Jas. Boss Case and look for the Keystone trade-mark stamped inside. **Send for Booklet.**

**THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.**

RHODE ISLAND

*Rhode Island—Providence*

**Miss Wheeler's School and Studio**

The usual branches of study together with systematic studio work. College preparation. Physical and chemical laboratories for individual work. Advanced courses of a college character under professors from Brown University. Art instruction fitting for Paris studios and for teaching. Summer classes near Paris. Home and tuition, $1000.
Address, Miss MARY C. WHEELER, 22-26 Cabot Street.

TENNESSEE

**Ward Seminary** For Young Ladies, Nashville, Tenn.

**37th** year begins Sept. 25. **Literary Courses, Music, Art, Elocution.** $300 to $500. **Certification** to Wellesley, Baltimore Woman's College. **Faculty 30.** Patronage 36th year 18 states. **Mild, equable climate.** For **Catalogue Z** address **J. D. BLANTON, President, P. O. Box 4-Z.**

VERMONT

**MISS FARWELL'S SCHOOL**
**For Little Girls** Wells River, Vt.
Ideal school and home for girls from eight to thirteen. Large grounds. **Terms reasonable.** Reopens Oct. 1, 1902.

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA, Charlottesville.
**University of Virginia.** Letters, Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering.
Piedmont Virginia is too high for malaria, while far enough south for mild winters. Session begins September 15. Address
Chairman, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

**Mary Baldwin Seminary** for Young Ladies.
Term begins Sept. 4, 1902. In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Climate unsurpassed. 240 students from 27 States past session. Terms moderate. Enter any time. Send for catalogue.
Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Principal, Staunton, Va.

**CHURCH HYMNS and GOSPEL SONGS** For TENT, OUTDOOR, & UNION MEETINGS
Music Edition, 25 cents. Words only, 10 cents.
**THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago**

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE, ALWAYS.
**Remington Typewriter**
327 Broadway, New York.

# The Earning Power of Money

depends upon the discretion and judgment with which it is handled. Two dollars carefully placed at interest will do the work of three invested in bonds. I offer the conservative investor a means of placing his money where it will earn the highest legitimate rate of interest—namely

**5%**

with unquestionable security—first mortgages on lands worth several times the amount of the loan.

I serve my clients in an advisory capacity—protecting their interests with my own best judgment. I have handled $2,600,000 in this way during the past 12 years without loss. We can serve you as well, whether you have little money or much to invest. We want you to have our booklet, anyway. It contains valuable suggestions for investors.

**WILLIAM R. COMPTON**
**1 Wardell Bldg., = = Macon, Mo.**

# WESTERN LANDS

If you have lands for sale, send descriptions. We sell thousands of acres and may sell yours. **No sale no charge.**

**SIX PER CENT. NET**

Have you idle money? We can net you six per cent. on sound, first mortgage security. Safe as Government bonds. 26 years' experience. Highest references. For full information address
**PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kansas**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A perpetual feast of nectared sweets."
—Milton.

**NABISCO**

*Sugar Wafers*

*A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit*

*Made in many flavors. Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.*

National Biscuit Company.

**Williams' Shaving Stick**

Put it down in "black and white" that if you want to shave with the greatest comfort, convenience and safety, you need Williams' Shaving Stick.

*Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists.*

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

**Try, THEN BUY Plan**

the only way we sell our special line of celebrated

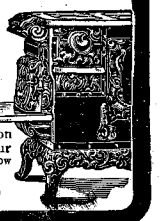
**KALAMAZOO**

steel ranges, steel cook stoves and Oak heaters. We sell direct from our factory at factory prices on

**30 Days' Free Trial,**

freight paid. At the end of the trial you can keep or return purchase at your pleasure. Fairest offer ever made. Want to know more about it? Send for free catalogue.

**Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.**



**TARTAN PILLS** cure Constipation, Bilious and Liver Complaints. Flatulence, Indigestion, and regulate the Bowels. 25c. a bottle, postpaid.
**THE TARTARLITHINE CO., 79 Ann St., N. Y.**

# The Man Without a Country

**BIRTHDAY EDITION**

Only two thousand and eighty copies of this edition were printed and the plates were then destroyed. The eighty copies on Japan paper, signed by Dr. Hale, were sold immediately on publication, and copies have since been sold for Thirty Dollars—four times the original price. The regular edition is not yet exhausted, and copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from the Outlook Company.

**Price Three Dollars, net**

"Dr. Hale has written a charming preface to the edition, telling the story of his writing the book, and the book itself is brought out with such simple elegance and perfect taste that it lends an added distinction to the story. It has large type, wide margins, gilt top, and deckle edges—fortunately not uncut—a plain red cloth cover, and a frontispiece portrait sketched from life of America's venerable and most distinguished man of letters."—*Town and Country.*

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, Publishers
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED